TANZAI AND NEADARNE, A JAPONESE Hiſtory.

BOOK IV.

*CHAP. X.

Vaſtly moving, if it be well treated.

NEADARNE, as the reader may ſuppoſe, was under no little concern, when ſhe found herſelf obliged to viſit the genius. Matters of much leſs importance often fix the mind in thought; and her ſituation was ſuch as

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muſt neceſſarily perplex every ſtrictly-virtuous woman. Her deformity did not give her the leaſt uneaſineſs; but the things which were to be tranſacted in that iſland raiſed the moſt unpleaſing ideas in her mind. She, nevertheleſs, proceeded in her journey. Being come within a ſmall diſtance from the ſea-ſhore, ſhe ordered her attendants to ſtop, and bid them wait there till ſhe came back.

The inſtant ſhe had left her train ſhe took out her pocket-glaſs. She then found, with a ſecret ſatisfaction, that Whiſker had performed her promiſe; and that all her graces were not only returned, but even improved. Tho' ſhe had no manner of inclination for the genius; tho' ſhe thought it would be a great misfortune for her to appear lovely in his eye, it yet would have vexed her, had ſhe been forced to come in his preſence in the hideous condition to which Whiſker's malice had reduced her. Every woman is deſirous of pleaſing, tho' ſhe makes no uſe of the fond wiſhes ſhe inſpires. Be her paſſion ever ſo ſtrong, or the delicacy with which ſhe

ſhe feels it ever ſo exquiſite, ſtill her vanity muſt be gratified; and as this is, of all cravings, the moſt urgent, love muſt neceſſarily be a loſer. She therefore felt a kind of pleaſure in reflecting, that Jonquille would be enchanted with her beauty; and conſidered, as a mighty triumph ſhe would gain, to ſee this genius, who was uſed to enjoy the moſt perfect beauties, confeſs that ſhe eclipſed them all. She was revolving theſe pleaſing thoughts, when ſhe came to the ſhore of the lake, in which that iſland was ſituated.

I muſt not omit that ſhe had loaded thirty little veſſels, at leaſt, with moles brought from Chechian. The ſhip which was to carry Neadarné made an extreme pretty ſhow: it's ſails of a yellow and ſilver colour, were embroidered, with mottos, on ſubjects of love and gallantry: the tackling was of the ſame ſoft materials as the ſails; and a cupid, who held the rudder, ſeemed, by the vivacity and tenderneſs of his attitude, to declare to the beauties, who were wafting to this iſland, the pleaſures which were there reſerved for them. Neadarné felt

a kind of ſhuddering as ſhe was going on board: ſhe was naturally afraid of the water; and the figure of the cupid, who ſeemed to be the pilot, had not the power to calm her fears. However, her voyage was propitious; and the ſhip cleaving the waves with prodigious rapidity, did not ſtop till it came to a magnificent harbour, ſtanding oppoſite to the palace of the genius. When Neadarné was landed, her boſom felt unuſual palpitations, and bluſhes overſpread her cheeks. Her confuſion increaſed, when ſhe ſaw ſuch multitudes haſtening from every part of the iſland to gaze upon her charms: tho' ſhe was not diſpleaſed at this firſt effect of her beauty, yet the inhabitants giggled ſo much when they looked at her, that ſhe concluded they had a ſhrewd gueſs as to the motive of her viſit to the genius, which made her quite aſhamed. She ſtill went forward, tho' ſurrounded with theſe iſlanders, who extolled her perfections to the ſkies, and congratulated their ſovereign on the magnificent preſent ſhe had brought him. Neadarné, quite ſick of their applauſes, their diſcourſes, and yellow

yellow complexion, arrived at laſt at the gate of the palace, fully perſuaded that, were the genius of as yellow a hue as his ſubjects, her virtue would be in no danger. The maſters of the ceremonies were waiting for her. Theſe were the genius's favourites; and thoſe who exerciſed this employment at court, had more than one there. They aſſured the princeſs, that Jonquille would certainly have waited upon her himſelf, had he not been abſolutely prevented by affairs in which the dignity of his crown was concerned. In the mean time, they conducted her into a magnificent apartment, where a noble collation was ſerved up. In the midſt of it, a delightful ſymphony was heard; this being the ſignal for the arrival of the ſo formidable Jonquille, Neadarné's heart throbbed at the ſounds; the idea of Tanzai, and of what would be required from her, filled her with uneaſy thoughts, and tears ſtreamed from her eyes: ſhe was in this lovely confuſion when Jonquille came into the apartment.

Struck with the luſtre of the princeſs's beauty, he ſtood motionleſs. Neadarn,

darné, out of civility, had riſen up. They both continued ſilent during theſe firſt moments: but the genius, recovering from his raviſhing ſurprize, begged the princeſs to keep her ſeat, and immediately fell proſtrate before her. Neadarné had not yet dared to look upon him; but being at laſt forced to caſt her eyes that way, ſhe was exceedingly ſurprized, both with the majeſty of his perſon, and the beauty of his features, as well as complexion, which was far from yellow. She uſed her utmoſt endeavours to prevail with him to riſe, but he abſolutely refuſed; nor would he give back her hand he had ſeized, and on which (to loſe no time) he had already printed a thouſand kiſſes. Jonquille was certainly too bold on this occaſion; but having been too ſucceſsful in his amours, he always entered upon them a little too roughly. It was not his cuſtom to ſtop even there; and Neadarné's mouth offering him a lovely pretence to juſtify his wild tranſports, he was going to kiſs her roſy lips, when Neadarné repulſing him with violence; You are a little too forward, ſays ſhe, in

in the ſpecimen you give of the wretched ſtate to which I am reduced, and —— I am ſenſible, madam, interrupted Jonquille, that I ought not to ſeize, at firſt ſight, a bleſſing which I could not expect to taſte, even after a fortnight's devotion; but as the fates allow me only one day, methinks, I give no ill proof of the conqueſt your charms have made, when I reſolve not to run the hazard of loſing it. How! ſir, ſays ſhe, Can you be ſo ungenerous as to take advantage of my ſad circumſtances? It was not I, anſwered the genius, who required this trial from you; my eager tranſports prove ſufficiently the lengths I would go to ſerve you: and I muſt be forced to oblige you, in ſpite of yourſelf. But could you, replied Neadarné, be ſatisfied with owing, to violence, a bleſſing my heart will for ever refuſe you? Once again, ſays Jonquille, I am ſenſible how happy the poſſeſſion of your heart would make me; and, could I perceive but the leaſt glimpſe of ſucceſs, I would uſe my utmoſt endeavours to win its favour; but what advantage would ſo ſcrupulous a behaviour be to

me? You only would put a greater conſtraint upon yourſelf, and I ſhould not appear more lovely in your eyes. The fates, at the ſame time that they offer me the moſt rapturous pleaſure, ſentence me to be deprived of that which forms the greateſt charm of it. In thoſe moments, when you might communicate ſo much bliſs, your breaſt will heave with mournful ſighs; and the ſeverity of your virtue will make the whole a ſcene of horror to you. But I could adviſe you much better on this occaſion: it is in your power to make a pleaſure of neceſſity: this would not coſt you ſo many pangs, nor would you be leſs virtuous. The only reaſon why duty becomes painful is, becauſe it is not the work of our own fancy. The moſt lovely huſband often diſguſts for this only reaſon, becauſe he has a right to claim what would be delivered to him with tranſport, did not the fair one imagine herſelf his tributary. With a huſband it is a debt we pay; with a lover, it is a gift we beſtow: and one of theſe muſt naturally be more grateful than the other. Now this is juſt my caſe with

with regard to the charming Neadarné! I was not the object of your choice, and this is the only reaſon why you hate me; but, in ſhort, you are forced to indulge me ſome marks of complaiſance; and all I deſire is, for your own ſatisfaction, to conſider them as leſs grievous. Oh! is this in my power? replied the princeſs. Can I do otherwiſe than deteſt you? My heart —— Madam, ſays the genius, interrupting her, I am ſorry you cannot beſtow it upon me. But, if I may be allowed to ſpeak freely, the heart is frequently a mere chimæra, and is far from being always ſo active as we fondly imagine: I am become a philoſopher on that head. Let me know then, ſays he, what buſineſs we are upon? Be ſo good as to tell me the reaſon of your coming into my iſland? As tho' you were a ſtranger to it? replied Neadarné. I know, indeed, ſays Jonquille, one way by which I could divert your idle moments; but I really am quite in the dark as to the motive of your addreſſing me. I can cure ſuch a variety of things, that I myſelf am unable to enumerate them. But

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do you boaſt only one remedy? ſays Neadarné. But one, madam, replied the genius; and you are the only lady I ever met with who wiſhed I could employ another. But come; what ails you? a Skimmer —— What! ſays he, interrupting her, a Skimmer! this really is a very whimſical diſeaſe —— Says Neadarné, my ſtory is the moſt odd one you ever heard, and I can never prevail upon myſelf to tell it you. No matter for that, ſays the genius, I perhaps may be able to cure you tho' you don't: nevertheleſs, it were better I knew exactly what is to be done. —— I am to inform you, continued the princeſs, that in conſequence of this Skimmer I mentioned, the prince my huſband was bereaved of every worldly thing, the inſtrument in queſtion excepted. After this, that which diſappeared, was again reinſtated; but then, I myſelf have been obnoxious to ſome accidents —— You know very well, that the marriage ſtate claims certain duties —— May it never be in my power, cries Jonquille, to ſerve you, if I underſtand your meaning! What can be meant by this Skimmer,

mer, which makes us loſe what we once poſſeſs; and what relation has it to the duties of wedlock? For goodneſs ſake, ſpeak plainer. Neadarné, now emboldened by the intreaties of the genius, diſcovered ſtep by ſtep (her bluſhes riſing as ſhe ſpoke) the buſineſs ſhe was come upon.

Your condition ſeems very deplorable, replied Jonquille with a ſmile, and yet it is not ſo deſperate as your fears make you imagine. It muſt, however, be confeſſed, that the diſeaſe you mention is of a moſt extraordinary kind; and I never met with the like in all my practice. Nevertheleſs, I am not under any apprehenſions upon that account. But, madam, I am afraid the averſion you entertain againſt the remedy will quite defeat the effects it would otherwiſe have. Cannot you repreſent it to your imagination under a leſs frightful idea? I don't accuſe your ſcruples; but on the other ſide. —— Sir, cries Neadarné, if you don't condemn my ſcruples, never require from me what is ſo raſtly ſhocking to think of. Madam, replied Jonquille, I claim nothing; you

may do as you pleaſe, and either accept or refuſe my ſervices. You are, from this moment, free to leave my iſland. But conſider, ſir, ſays the princeſs, I then ſhall have undertaken this journey to a fine purpoſe. That, madam, anſwers he, is juſt as you pleaſe. Cruel man! ſays ſhe, (the tears ſtealing down her cheeks) —— Divine princeſs! ſays Jonquille, riſing from the ground, will you never triumph over your ſcruples, and muſt I be for ever urging you to labour at your own felicity? Let us change this ſubject, ſays Neadarné, it gives me great pain. It would give you much greater, replied Jonquille, ſhould I wave it intirely: however, I am not ſo ignorant of my duty, as to be guilty of ſo much rudeneſs; but am ſenſible that it is my buſineſs to ſeemingly extort from you, what you doubtleſs will be ſo gracious as to beſtow. In the mean time, ſtrive not to hate me; and come and adorn with your preſence the feſtivities I have appointed merely for your entertainment. The genius then took the princeſs's hand, and ſqueezed it a little harder than ſuited her inclinations whilſt

whilſt ſhe, bluſhing at the liberties he took, ſuffered him nevertheleſs to lead her, in the fond hopes, that he would make no further attempts.

CHAP. XI.

Which is of no Uſe but to ſpin out the Work.

IN a hiſtory, ſolid and judicious reflections are no leſs eſteemed than events deſcribed with beauty and elegance. This is very juſt; for at the ſame time that they eke out the compoſition, they prove the author's ſagacity. In conſequence of this maxim, we believe it may be allowed us to make a few animadverſions on Neadarne's ſituation. Any woman who ſhould declare that, had ſhe been in her place, not a ſingle fear would have fluttered in her boſom, muſt either be a hypocrite, or one of thoſe who are not formed to experience the dangers of opportunity, and have always abandoned themſelves blindly to them. This thought perhaps

is not clear; but ſo much the better for the reader, ſince he will have the pleaſure of interpreting it as he thinks fit. There are very few occaſions in which a lady is expoſed to danger, againſt her will: her virtue is never forced by circumſtances; and tho' many a woman has been heard to proteſt, that in meeting her lover at ſuch a rendezvous (in which ſhe unluckily made a trip) ſhe certainly would not have advanced within a league of the place, had ſhe not been fully perſuaded her honour would be unſullied: yet we ought always to ſuppoſe, that ſhe was in no manner of doubt of what would happen; and to prove this at once, let a lover, who has been favoured with one of theſe innocent aſſignations, but ſlip the delicious opportunity, and ſee whether ſuch a behaviour will not diſguſt (perhaps for ever) the virtuous fair one, who had truſted herſelf alone with him. Women have a multitude of expedients for the ſecurity of their virtue; their conſtant practice of diſſembling all their impulſes, and that principle of decency and pride which ſhields them; the fear that ſtrikes

our ſex, the awe with which we behold them; and, generally, our uncertainty with regard to their reſolutions, added to the dread of offending them; in theſe ſeveral particulars commonly conſiſts the ſtrength of their formidable and very ſpecious virtue. If the idea of pleaſure is but ever ſo little reflected upon, it never fails to prevail in the human heart over all the ideas of prejudice. A woman, when alone, may immediately blot out all ſuch images as could ſhock her modeſty; but let a lover reveal himſelf, and ſtrike her eye, where is her virtue then? If ſhe ſtill ſtruggles, it is not to ſave it, for her loſs would be too conſiderable. But ſhe muſt yield with honour, and give an air of greatneſs to her frailty: in a word, ſhe muſt fall with decency, and be enabled to apologize in her own mind for her conduct, whenever ſhe reflects on the irregularity of it. Few women will allow this to be fact, but it is not leſs ſo for their denying it.

Neadarné had not the time for diſplaying of her virtue, that is uſually allowed on theſe occaſions, in propor-

tion to the prudery, the majeſty and diſſimulation of the fair one who is attacked. She was miſtreſs but of one day; and beſides, ſhe was not certain whether her reſiſtance could hold out even ſo long. The genius was amiable, impatient, and accuſtomed to conquer; he had a perfect knowledge of the female heart, took advantage of every thing, and lovers of this character are very dangerous: they haſten the critical minute, and are ſure of hitting upon it. She, indeed, was defended by the paſſion ſhe felt for Tanzai; but then it was neceſſary for her to injure that very paſſion, purely for its own ſake; and in doing this ſhe would be ſo much the more excuſable, as the prince her huſband would be totally in the dark with regard to the tranſactions of that iſland. How powerfully did theſe reaſons prepare the way to her fall? and there was but one (and that merely imaginary) which could keep her from it. What multitudes will cenſure the princeſs, who would themſelves have ſlipped, tho' there had not been half that number!

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In conſequence of this chain of reaſoning, which needed not to have been half ſo long, the princeſs could not but feel ſome little palpitation, as Jonquille was conducting her. He led her thro' a numberleſs multitude of apartments, ſtill more beautiful from taſte than magnificence, tho' this was exquiſite. From the palace, they went into delightful gardens. Here the moſt juſt, the moſt ſhining touches of art, were blended with the moſt unaffected beauties of nature. On one ſide were ruſtick grottos and rivulets, whoſe gentle murmurs invited to the ſweeteſt ſlumbers, or the moſt ſoft delights. On the other ſide were caſcades as far as the eye could ſee, ſplendid ſummer-houſes, and ſtatues of prodigious value. There one might ſtray in the winding, unequal paths of a wood, whoſe irregularity did not make it leſs agreeable. Here allies of a ſurprizing height, and laid out with the greateſt order, invited to a more eaſy, tho' leſs luxurious walk. The parterres inchanted the beholder, by the variety and beauty of the flowers with which they were adorned.

In theſe, Flora had for ever fixed the ſeat of her empire; and ſo lovely did ſhe appear to Zephyrus, that by his careſſing her perpetually, one would have imagined, he had bid an eternal adieu to inconſtancy. Theſe gardens were filled with every ſpecies of the winged choriſters: The turtle dove intermixed her plaintive accents, with the piercing ſprightly notes of the thiſtle-finch and nightingale. The moſt charming nymphs the world ever ſaw, mixed here in the dance. Shepherds gay and more poliſhed than thoſe who tread the banks of the * Lignon, ſung in concert with their pipes, a paſſion which, tho' ever happy, was not therefore leſs true. In fine, all objects ſeemed to whiſper love in theſe delicious groves; all things invited the eye, and inſpired the heart with it; and one ſeemed to ſuck in that paſſion with the air of this inchanting abode.

Luxury,

* The ſuppoſed habitation of the ſhepherd and ſhepherdeſſes of Durfey's Aſtrea. The Lignon, whoſe banks are vaſtly agreeable, is a river of France.

Luxury, ſeated triumphantly in the midſt of this garden, regulated the ſeveral delights, and diffuſed over them that engaging charm which ſhe only can beſtow. The little loves crowned her with flowers, and wantoned round her in the moſt pleaſing ſports.

It was impoſſible for Neadarné to withſtand ſo ſweet a variety of objects; and, in ſpite of herſelf, her heart fluttered in her boſom. She felt that impulſe of tenderneſs which confuſes the ſenſes, and is the prelude to greater diſtraction. Jonquille, who knew the tumults of her ſoul, gazed upon her with eyes, which painted ſo ſtrongly his wiſhes, that Neadarné, unable to ſupport their ſplendor, now ſtruck dumb and confuſed, vented ſo ſoft a ſigh, that Jonquille would oblige her to ſtrike into a thicket that lay juſt before them. Neadarné, loſt to herſelf by the wild diſtraction of her thoughts, ſuffered him to lead her towards it; but, juſt as they were entering this ſolitude, it appeared ſo gloomy, and the princeſs glancing at the genius, diſcovered ſuch

exceſſive fondneſs in his looks, that ſhe inſtantly recovered, and abſolutely refuſed to advance into it. Jonquille, knowing there are more minutes than one in the day, finding he had loſt this, preſſed her no further, and led her to that part of the garden where the nymphs and ſhepherds were engaged in the moſt ſprightly dances. Neadarné was looking at them, when a man, who flew with prodigious ſwiftneſs from a corner of the garden, came whirling and turning heels over head, into the midſt of the dancers, and put them all into confuſion.

The princeſs knew him immediately, by his friſking, to be Cormorant; but being deſirous of concealing from the genius her concern for him; That man, ſays ſhe, there, has given us a very whimſical dance. He does not friſk about in that manner, for his pleaſure, replied Jonquille. I can hardly fancy, replied Neadarné, that it is for yours. You are not acquainted with that tumbler, ſays the genius; he poſſeſſes the moſt talents of any man in the world, and

and would at the ſame time be the happieſt, had he not incurred my diſpleaſure, by his robbing me of a fairy's heart whom I adored. Being of too mild a diſpoſition to inflict a cruel vengeance on him, I reſolved only to confine him for ever to my garden, employed in the penance you now ſee. Good, my lord, replied Neadarné, ſuſpend his puniſhment! Come hither, ſays the genius to Cormorant; Dare to behold thy maſter; go to the palace, and employ thy utmoſt endeavours to amuſe the divine object who is pleaſed to command in theſe ſeats. Cormorant anſwered no otherwiſe than by a very low bow, and went towards the palace, but could not forbear to whirl about and turn topſy turvy ſeveral times; ſo great is the force of cuſtom. Neadarné, as ſhe thanked the genius, could not forbear ſtealing a look at him, and thought him ſo greatly ſuperior in beauty to Cormorant, tho' the latter was amiable enough, that ſhe accuſed Whiſker of caprice, for rejecting Jonquille's fond paſſion. She was

even going to fancy him no leſs charming than Tanzai, but without endangering her virtue by ſuch a reflection, for ſhe could not ſo much as think of her huſband without ſighing; and was confirming (in her own mind) the reſolution ſhe had made of being for ever true to him, when word was brought that dinner was ſerved up. The reader will pleaſe, both for his own conveniency, and that of the author, to leap at once from the garden to the dining-room, eſpecially as he will be no loſer by it.

CHAP.

*CHAP. XII.

In which will be ſhewn, among other Particulars, how greatly Muſic has degenerated.

THIS dining-room, the hiſtorian aſſures us, was extremely handſome, and the banquet was worthy the perſons for whom it had been prepared. Neadarné was placed oppoſite to the genius; this ſituation diſpleaſed her, for, it is certain, people generally look forward. By this Neadarné found herſelf ſentenced, either to never lift up her eyes, or elſe to caſt them upon Jonquille, who now growing very fond, ogled her in a moſt unaccountable manner. Neadarné was ſurprized, among other things, to ſee that no moles were ſerved up. My lord, ſays ſhe to the genius, don't put ſuch a reſtraint upon your appetite, as to forbear, upon my account, eating of your favourite diſh; for I brought ſo

great a number of thoſe animals, that there cannot but be full enough for your uſe. Meaning me, madam? (ſays he) No, no, I never touch moles; of all dainties, there is none ſo little pleaſing to my palate. Who then could have told you ſuch a ſtory? I had been aſſured, replied the lady, that this was the moſt delicious morſel in the world to you: if it is otherwiſe, why do you ſeek ſo induſtriouſly to rid the earth of them? I had very eſſential reaſons, madam, for this conduct, replied the genius; but theſe now ceaſing, I no longer proſecute the ingrate who had ſo highly injured me. The puniſhment of her lover, and the condition in which he is forced to live, are vengeance ſufficient; and my reſentment was extinguiſhed with my love. All this is, to me, a riddle, replied Neadarné. I can very eaſily explain it to you, anſwered Jonquille. The wretch there, with the dulcimer, who owes to your good-nature the happy day he enjoys, was ſhamefully preferred to me. But, my lord, ſays Neadarné, ſince your love

love is extinguiſhed, why do you perpetuate your vengeance? To excuſe, ſays he, my being thus cruel, (in the calm I now enjoy) I muſt tell you how injuriouſly I have been treated, and the dreadful torments to which my heart was expoſed. But I beg we may leave this ſubject, and let me not poiſon, by recalling to my memory ſo ungrateful an incident, the pleaſure which the ſight of your beauties breathes over my ſoul. If this pleaſure, replied the princeſs, were ſo exquiſite as you would make me believe, your former amour muſt then appear no otherwiſe to you than a dream, the bare ideas of which would be always blotted from your remembrance; you would no longer conſider your rival as an enemy; but forget at once, in gazing upon me, that any other object was ever capable of wounding your heart.

From theſe words, ſome of my readers will doubtleſs imagine, that ſuch a reproach could not drop from Neadarné, without a little mixture of love. Kilo-hoee was almoſt of this opinion.

How-

However, as a man ſhould take care not to put an ill conſtruction on actions which may be innocent in themſelves; not to mention that, before he paſſes ſentence on ſo very delicate an affair, he ought firſt to conſider it in all its lights; the author abovementioned believed (after meditating intenſely on this ſubject) that the only motive of Neadarné's jealouſy was, that ſhe might the more eaſily get Cormorant out of Jonquille's hands. The latter interpretation ſeems very probable. Neadarné was not fired with ſo ſtrong a paſſion for Jonquille, as to feel any uneaſineſs at hearing a quondam amour of his; and, on the other ſide, the tenderneſs ſhe ſtill preſerved for Tanzai, muſt neceſſarily leave her ſoul (on this article) in that calm, eaſy ſtate which it preſerves with regard to things indifferent. Jonquille, who was a moſt amiable prince, and at the ſame time very vain, did not make any of theſe reflections, and thanked the princeſs; the good opinion he entertained of himſelf eſpecially, perſuaded him, that this

was

was the leaſt he could do. Charming princeſs, ſays he to her with tranſport, if I ſeemed, in your preſence, not to have quite obliterated the paſſion I once had for another, no one ſhall ever be able to change or diminiſh the ſweet impreſſion your beauties have made on my heart. He diſcourſed on a great many other ſubjects, all of which turned on love, and yet the author has not preſerved them; whether it were that he found them too difficult to be rendered, or thought them very trifling, I am not able to determine.

Jonquille was doubtleſs continuing to quite tire Neadarné, when the latter, to prevent it, told him ſhe had a great deſire to hear Cormorant ſing. The ill-fated prince came forward, and accomanied his dulcimer with exceſſive ſweetneſs. He ſang with the moſt melting voice that was ever heard (no matter on what mode) the exceſs of his fond paſſion, and the tortures he felt. All who were in the room were ſo melted with the delicious accents, that nothing was heard but ſighs and groans.

Nea-

Neadarné, whoſe heart was of the ſofteſt caſt, wept prodigiouſly, and ſobbed to that degree, that they were forced to cut her lace. The tears ſtood even in Jonquille's eyes, and hearing the moan continue, Wretch! ſaid he to Cormorant, did I command you to throw the princeſs, and my whole iſland into tears? Put an end to theſe general wailings; and ſound forth my pleaſures, or I ſhall give thee cauſe to ſing in the moſt mournful ſtrains. O do not chide him! ſays Neadarne: he has, I own, grieved my very ſoul; but I felt inexpreſſible pleaſure in weeping.

She had ſcarce done ſpeaking, when Cormorant, who dreaded the genius's anger, ſung ſo very gay an air, and accompanied it with ſuch ſprightly accents, that the affliction which had ſeized all the hearers ceaſing at once, and the air that Cormorant ſung and played, growing infinitely gayer, it was impoſſible for Jonquille's courtiers to reſtrain themſelves; ſo that, in ſpite of the reſpect they owed him, they all ſtruck immediately into a country-dance.

dance. Jonquille would fain have been angry, but was himſelf ſo powerfully wrought upon, by the ſtrength of the harmony, that he ſtarted up, and was going to mix with the reſt. Neadarné, overjoyed to ſee the genius ſo ſtrongly affected by Cormorant's muſic, deſired him, once more, to ſet him at liberty: but he was ſo ſhocked at the propoſal, and appeared ſo exaſperated at her ſtill regarding that prince, when ſhe ought, as he imagined, to have himſelf only in her mind, that the princeſs was fully determined to make uſe of the ſlipper, ſince Jonquille appeared inexorable.

The cloth was taken away; and after they had drank coffee, Neadarné being very deſirous of employing the genius, propoſed a party at picquet, at a Louisd'or a game, With all my heart, ſays Jonquille, we will play till it is time to go to the opera. But Cormorant, ſays he, mind your buſineſs; and be ſure to act your part better than you did the laſt time. Cormorant then went away. And ſo, he plays in the opera? ſays Neadarné. Yes,

Yes, replies the genius; did he but ſing in tune, and not ſqueak ſo; were he not ſuch a coxcomb on the ſtage, and leſs affected or finical, he would be a fine actor. They then went to play, and chance favouring Neadarné, ſhe perpetually picqued, repiqued, and capoted Jonquille, and played with wonderful dexterity and ſprightlineſs. During the play, Jonquille had extended his legs very far under the table; and Neadarné, not knowing who they belonged to, and being quite abſent in mind (like any princeſs) made a cuſhion of them. Many people have blamed Neadarné's conduct on this occaſion, eſpecially conſidering the terms on which ſhe and Jonquille ſtood. But, who does not know, that what would be unbecoming in the vulgar, is conſidered as a trifle by perſons of high rank? Does not a woman of quality venture all day long to do things, which one, in an humble way of life, would not ſo much as dare to think of? Does not even this noble contempt of eſtabliſhed uſages and cuſtoms, diſtinguiſh

guiſh her ſtill more than her rank? Beſides, a proof Neadarné did not know that the genius's legs were upon her's, is, her not obliging him to ſhift their poſture, and her eaſineſs and unconfuſion all the time. Jonquille indeed took it for a very good omen; but what of that? Neadarné might ſtill be very innocent. How unhappy would women be, were they obliged to anſwer for all thoſe things which the folly of the other ſex has thought fit to charge them with? Do they not take advantage, not only of the innocent regard that is ſhewn them, but even of the ſlight that is put upon their perſons? If they look upon the men, it is deſire: if they don't look upon them, it is diſſimulation. The lot of women would be very wretched, were they to think, or were they to feel, a fourth part of the impertinencies which the men aſcribe to them. They generally never look upon them as ridiculous, but when they themſelves are ſo.

Jonquille, as the reader may have obſerved, was of a fiery temper, and very

very full of himſelf. He was going to preſs the favour which he ſuppoſed the princeſs had indulged him; when the game was ended, and word was brought that the ſingers of the opera waited their coming. Jonquille conducted Neadarné thither, and could talk of nothing elſe but his flame; and as for the princeſs, ſhe let him ſay what he pleaſed, ſince the fates had decreed, that ſhe neither ought, nor could oblige him to hold his tongue.

* CHAP. XIII.
The OPERA.

IT would be very difficult to give a juſt deſcription of the opera of Jonquille. Kilo-hoee exclaims, in ſome part of his writings, againſt the ſterility of the Japoneſe author, who on the other ſide rails at the Chechianean ſcribe, which ſuppoſes, (not to mention the reſt of the tranſlators) that the French writer inveighs againſt all three,

three, and that the public will inveigh againſt the laſt named, and accuſe him, either of dwelling too long on trifling things, or of paſſing too lightly over ſuch ſubjects as were really of importance. But can a tranſlator (unleſs he is determined to adulterate his original) introduce ſuch events as are merely of his own invention? And ſhould he invent them in circumſtances where they might be neceſſary, would not his manner of writing ſhew the age in which he lived? Or could he, by conveying himſelf into the remote ages wherein his heroes exiſted, deſcribe exactly a ſett of cuſtoms, of which he has not the leaſt knowledge? Had he not better paſs them quite over, than amuſe his readers with a rhapſody of fictions, which they would ſoon find very abſurd? The only duty of a tranſlator is, to render his author literally, except in thoſe places where he does not underſtand him, for in this caſe, he is allowed to paraphraſe, comment upon, or dreſs him as he pleaſes. The tranſlator of this book owns frankly, that as he does

not

not underſtand his author perfectly, he has added as many ſilly things at leaſt, as he ſuppreſſed; that he has been prolix where the Chineſe author was conciſe, exact where he was inaccurate, dark where he was clear, jocoſe where he wns ſerious, courtly where he was philoſophical; and that, with regard to the ſeveral errors he may have committed, he does not apologize, or beg the noble reader's pardon on that account, ſince this would not make his work a whit the better, nor would he himſelf be more eſteemed for ſuch a grovelling condeſcenſion. For theſe ſeveral reaſons, (whether good or bad) the reader can have but a very imperfect idea of the opera in queſtion. But whoſe fault is this? An hiſtorian imagines, when he is writing, that poſterity will be perfectly well acquainted with the cuſtoms which prevail in his time; and hence it is that, in the preſent age, we know only from conjecture (and thoſe very random ones) the particular way of living of the Romans; not to mention that an article of ſo much importance

portance employs a thouſand Literati, who are for ever employing, to no manner of purpoſe, their precious oil on this ſubject. After ſuch an example as that we have given, the tranſlator ought to have his pardon; but if it will not be allowed him, he muſt even not care a fig for his reader. Were he to give a reaſon for all the impertinencies in this book, he would never have done.

It will therefore be proper for him to obſerve, in order to end this long argument, which muſt tire him no leſs than the gentle reader, that, in the iſland of Jonquille, the poetic part of an opera was commonly ridiculous; that it conſiſted in antiquated fables very fantaſtically dreſt; that, in general, the ſtyle of them was very flat, and the numbers very drowſy; that there was neither conduct nor concern in them; that ſuch actors were made to dance at every little interval, who, of all actors, ought never to dance; that the perſon who was in the deepeſt diſtreſs, always quavered melodiouſly his ſorrows; and that more than one hero who was mortally

tally wounded, came upon the ſtage, in order to make his will, with an accompaniement of flutes; that rivers uſed to form a dance, and that the moſt auguſt deity of the drama often came down from the ſkies, for no other purpoſe but to act or ſpeak a ſilly thing. However, that theſe operas were vaſtly magnificent, and pleaſed particularly from the great decorum of the whole. All the actreſſes were nymphs; and ſeveral of thoſe, as well of the chorus, as of the chief perſonages, were taught to play all ſorts of characters; in one act they were veſtals, and in the next prieſteſſes of Venus: ſhifting thus alternately from the ſuperintendance of the ſacred fire, to the ſoft myſteries of beauty's goddeſs; followers at one and the ſame time of virtue and concupiſcence: performing equally well in either of thoſe oppoſite characters in public; and never diſcovering but in private, which of the two put the greateſt reſtraint upon their nature. Theſe nymphs, indeed, did not reveal the ſecrets of their art to every one: they would elude the curioſity

curioſity of the fondeſt and moſt amiable lover: caprice had not the leaſt power over them, nor was ambition a ſeducing charm; and none but a deity, ſuperior in power to all the reſt, could oblige them to appear in their genuine and natural colours. Theſe ſmall particulars of the opera in queſtion, which Kila-hoee has preſerved, give, we believe, a ſufficient idea of it, and prove to the reader, how greatly thoſe actreſſes fell ſhort of that wiſdom and diſintereſted ſpirit which form the ſole characteriſtic of the actreſſes of this age; as well as how vaſtly inferior in beauty and all other advantages, the dramatic poems of that iſland were, to thoſe which are ſo juſtly the admiration of our people.

In caſe this long digreſſion ſhould have made the reader loſe the thread of the hiſtory, we ſhall here recollect, that Neadarné was going to the opera, that Jonquille waited upon her thither, that he ſpoke ſuch words as called up her modeſt bluſhes; and that ſhe liſtened very patiently to them, as well

out of good manners, as from the impoſſibility of her doing otherwiſe.

The moment they came into the houſe, the curtain drew up. Tho' Cormorant performed wonders, yet neither the monarch nor the princeſs were diverted. Jonquille's heart was now ſtrongly enflamed, and being deſirous of owing his happineſs ſolely to the princeſs's favour, her conqueſt appeared doubtful to him. Neadarné on the other ſide, notwithſtanding her ſtrong paſſion for Tanzai, and her innate virtue, ſhe yet began to feel ſome little emotion. Shall ſhe refuſe him or not? Shall ſhe return to her huſband in the ſame condition in which ſhe left him? Shall ſhe employ Whiſker's ſecret? Is there no other method of reſtoring her to what ſhe once was, but the remedy propoſed? Will it be poſſible for her to take it, without running any hazard? The genius is infinitely charming; and, to complete her misfortunes, he declares that ſhe is dear to him: his tenderneſs is much more to be dreaded than his anger.

What

What crime will ſhe have committed, if ſubmitting at laſt to neceſſity, her heart ſhould approve, and acquieſce with it? Nature is very frail! Her ſituation is ſo very delicate! The unhappy Tanzai (ſweet object of her love) pines for her in abſence; he ſhudders at the bare thought of what will befall her: he poſſibly may have a ſuſpicion of all that has paſſed. Alas! ſhould Whiſker's ſecret fail —— And yet, it never can. As this fairy ſtood in need of her aſſiſtance, was it natural for that intelligence to impoſe upon her? But has not that prince, the cauſe of all her diſquietudes, blindly given up his heart to Cucumber the fairy? Was he not, at firſt, ſo vain as to fancy that a goddeſs pined for his embraces? And tho' he were puniſhed for his infidelity, ſtill the crime was as effectually committed. At his return he endeavoured to impoſe upon her, by declaring, that the whole was a dream. Now, is he only to be allowed thoſe viſionary ſcenes? But ſuppoſe ſhe ſhould endeavour to pay him in the ſame coin; will it paſs?

After all, what need ſhe be concerned? And with what juſtice, guilty as he is, will he preſume to reproach her with an involuntary fault, when his was a real one? Why did he join in embraces with Cucumber? This was the laſt reflection the princeſs made; and the remembrance of the injury which had been done her, gave her a glimpſe of the neceſſary vengeance. How dangerous it is to injure a woman! 'Tis nevertheleſs certain, in the main, that whether ſhe be injur'd or not, the conſequence is often the ſame.

Jonquille, as the reader muſt have obſerv'd, was no loſer by theſe reflections which the princeſs made in herſelf. He had watch'd her every motion; and the glance ſhe laſt ſhot at him, as ſhe finiſh'd her ſelf-examination, inform'd him of the reſult of her thoughts. Tho' he had pretended ignorance (to the princeſs) with regard to the motive of her journey to his court, he yet had been told the whole affair by Cucumber, who, after expatiating on the beauties of the princeſs, whom ſhe aſſur'd he

ſhou'd

ſhou'd enjoy, did not diſguiſe or conceal the minuteſt circumſtance in her adventure. Doubtleſs, the only reaſon why Jonquille oblig'd Neadarné to relate her own ſtory, was, that he might be the better enabled to diſcover the diſpoſition of her ſoul. Unaccuſtom'd to all the little delicacies of love, he at firſt flatter'd himſelf that he ſhould be able to crown his fondeſt wiſhes, in ſpight of Neadarné's reluctance; but afterwards, her exquiſite beauty, her virtue and modeſty, inſpir'd him with more extenſive deſires. The paſſion ſhe entertain'd for another, ſerv'd only to invigorate that which fir'd his boſom. He imag'd to himſelf an inexpreſſible pleaſure in diſpoſſeſſing Tanzai of a heart that was ſubject to him; and the more difficult his ſucceſs appear'd, the more delightful were the thoughts of his triumph. And indeed, ſays he to himſelf, what pleaſure wou'd it be to me, to poſſeſs a beautiful object, who, in the deepeſt affliction to ſee herſelf in my arms, would not breathe a ſingle ſigh, but what was the ſoft interpre-

terpreter of her anguiſh; who would reproach me for all my eager claſpings, and who, diſtractedly fond of another, and tortur'd with the conſtraint ſhe muſt neceſſarily put upon herſelf, would only lift up her inchanting Eyes (quite bath'd in tears) to expreſs her indignation, and her utter abhorrence of me? But, oh! how different wou'd it be, to owe theſe rapturous moments to one's aſſiduities; to create one's own felicity, and form that of a beloved object; to enjoy her tranſports and confuſion; to hear her fondly ſigh, I adore you; to feel one's ſelf claſp'd meltingly in her arms; to bewilder one's ſoul with hers, to behold her (fainting away in the midſt of theſe tumultuous pleaſures) wholly loſt to herſelf, and ſeeking again for you! To be bleſs'd with the moſt rapturous careſſes, and to read in her ſwimming eyes, the exceſs of her ſenſibility and love! Oh, Neadarné! what object but your ſelf could diſpence ſuch charming delights? How ſupreme would be my felicity, were it poſſible for me to inſpire all the paſſion you your ſelf raiſe!

What!

What! I ſhall ſee you folded in my arms, diveſted of that ſevere virtue which ſo cruelly oppoſes my love! Jonquille! ——— Oh! ——— He was dying away with exceſs of joy. But, adorable princeſs! turn not away thoſe lovely eyes; let me intoxicate my ſelf with the pleaſure of being beheld by them. Alas! I read leſs anger there; but ſtill, how ſtrong is their Indifference!

Jonquille, during all this wonderful ſoliloquy, had fix'd his love-darting eyes on the princeſs, who, on the other ſide, did not ſhun his glances. That moment, a piece of muſic ſo exceedingly ſweet was play'd, that her heart (now prepar'd for the ſofteſt impreſſions) was not able to reſiſt it. Immediately the genius ſnatch'd her hand; he kiſs'd it with ſo much rapture, that Neadarné, ſtruck with the violence of his paſſion, almoſt ſqueez'd his. They both fell backwards in the box (which was very faintly illuminated) where they had ſeated themſelves. Unluckily for the princeſs, a gauze-curtain ſcreen'd them a from the

the audience. Jonquille, in the higheſt tranſports, came forward. The moſt thrilling kiſs, which he printed on Neadarné's lips, recovering her from this confuſion, only plung'd her in a much greater. So long as this ſweet diſtraction laſted, Jonquille amorouſly preſſed the fair one's lips; and at laſt grew ſo very boiſterous, that Neadarné coming to herſelf, flung to the ſide of the box, and by that means reſcued her virtue from the greateſt danger to which it had ever been expos'd. Who would imagine, that a lady could be in ſo much jeopardy at an opera? Jonquille, exaſperated at ſo unexpected a return, appear'd again at Neadarné's ſide; and both look'd ſo wildly, that all the courtiers cou'd not forbear ſmiling.

The princeſs, obſerving their malice, bluſh'd; and was ſo much out of countenance, that had not the opera ended that moment, ſhe wou'd certainly have left it. She was ſo prodigiouſly aſham'd at the laſt adventure, that ſhe made no anſwer to Jonquille, nor wou'd ſo much as look at him, not even in the gardens whither

whither he conducted Neadarné, to divert her with ſome fine fireworks he had order'd for that purpoſe———— Oh virtue! what then is thy empire! If pleaſure offend thee, if thou only oughteſt to fill the ſoul, either baniſh far from it ſo incommodious a gueſt, or ceaſe to torture it with remorſe!

CHAP. V.

The great Danger to which Fear expoſes Women.

JOnquille, however, ſhew'd little experience, or great boldneſs, when he deſir'd the princeſs, after what had happen'd at the opera, to ſtrike into a thicket, in order to ſee the fireworks. Cou'd he juſtly flatter himſelf that ſhe wou'd go? And yet ſhe went along with him. Neadarné, indeed, was very much diſpleas'd to find the thicket ſo very gloomy, at a time when the other part of the garden was ſo ſtrongly illuminated, that the ſpectator cou'd ſcarce believe what he ſaw, to be any other than the light of the ſun.——Pray now, ſays ſhe to the genius, is the place you are going to carry me, ſo dark as where we now are? We ſhall ſee the fireworks, ſays he, by that means, to much better advantage. I don't know that, anſwers Neadarné. You need not doubt it, madam, ſays he, this is prov'd phyſically. The princeſs argued

gued no longer, not knowing whether he ſaid right or wrong; but ſhe was firmly determin'd to chaſtiſe his raſhneſs, in caſe he ſhou'd preſume to take advantage of the gloom which overſpread the ſolitude they were then in. I ſhall be very glad, ſays ſhe to her ſelf, to ſhew him how prodigiouſly he is miſtaken, in caſe he imagines that I ſhall comply with his wiſhes. He will find that, all lovely as he is, my virtue is ſtill as powerful as his charms.

She was not quite fix'd in her reſolution, when Jonquille begg'd her to repoſe herſelf on a bed of turf made ſofter by flowers; this being the only kind of ſeat that thicket afforded. Neadarné ſat down, when the genius, venting a deep ſigh, laid himſelf by her. She was ſtruck dumb; and Jonquille, feeling an emotion which till then was unknown to him, did not know, at firſt, what to ſay. That love muſt be very ſtrong, which inſpires reſpect, and yet was of all kinds of love the moſt undeſirable; as well for the pleaſure of a fond adorer, as for

the ſatisfaction of the object of his affections. Such a love is never fortunate in its gueſſes; never ſnatches the critical minute: for ever tender and troubleſome it makes proteſtations of reſpect, on occaſions in which it probably wou'd not be puniſhed for violating its maxims. Tho' a lover ſhews the utmoſt condeſcenſion, what can that Woman do whom he addreſſes with the declaration of a pure, diſintereſted flame? Can ſhe adviſe him to lay aſide his reſerve, or to claim a recompenſe from her, when he himſelf ſeems to run from it.

Jonquille was not a ſtranger to any of theſe things; and had Neadarné, at her coming into the thicket, wore the ſame air ſhe did at the concluſion of the opera, he would not have been ſo timorous. But ſhe had ſince ruminated upon matters; ſhe now had reaſſum'd a ſevere ſpecious countenance; and he was afraid, that, ſhould he be too urgent, ſhe wou'd arm herſelf with ſuch a ſeverity, as it wou'd be very difficult for her to lay aſide, after having ſo ſtrongly diſplay'd it. Notwithſtanding his

his great modeſty, he yet had ſeized Neadarné's hand he ſigh'd, and the princeſs, diſpleaſed at his ſtill ſqueezing it, took occaſion from thence to open the converſation.

Sir, ſays ſhe to him, my hand is troubleſome, and I am uneaſy to ſee you hold it. Alas! my princeſs, ſays he, do you envy me that ſatisfaction? Tho' 'tis none to you, to me 'tis extacy! If you will not indulge it to my love, can you refuſe it to the veneration I bear you? For, this is above all the powers of expreſſion; I no longer ſeem the man I was; I, who always ſaw the moſt exquiſite beauties with unconcern, who thought I did them honour in barely condeſcending to give them a look; now, ſubmiſſive at your feet, and fir'd with the ſtrongeſt paſſions, I dare not preſume to ſtatter myſelf with the hopes of being allowed the ſmalleſt favour. But, as tho' you did not puniſh me enough by your indifference, I muſt be the object of your hate. Your anger riſes always with my fondneſs. Alas! why did you viſit the wretched Jonquille? for till then, all his days

days were bleſs'd with peace. What do I ſay? Wherefore do I exclaim againſt a paſſion, which, tho' ſo very unhappy, does yet form my felicity? Oh? for pity's ſake, give me one glance. 'Tis not an enemy who addreſſes you, 'tis a moſt tender, moſt paſſionate lover, who entirely devoted to you, in ſpite of all your rigours, would gladly blot all thoſe years from his life, in which you were not the object of his adoration. Cruel creature! Is it me you ought to hate?——— Alas! I do not hate you, replies Neadarné, with a moſt melting voice: But is it in my power to love you? Is the heart you ſue for at my diſpoſal? Can it ever forget the man to whom it reſigned all its powers? His image, his charming image! can it ever be erazed from it? If your love be ſo violent, as you would make me believe, ſhew your generoſity, deſtroy a fatal inchantment, and inſiſt no longer on the odious ſubmiſſion to which you would have me ſtoop: this being granted, I then will confeſs that you really love me. I am ſenſible that what I now propoſe will coſt you

no

no little ſtruggles; but what man can boaſt of a ſoul ſo generous as yours? Thus! do you turn away your eyes; you ſigh. Alas! have then my entreaties no power over you? I do ſigh, (Neadarné) replied Jonquille; and this may juſtly be allow'd me, after what you have ſaid. Nevertheleſs, 'tis not my ill fate that forces it from my boſom, but my abſolute inability to grant your requeſt. My power, which, on all other occaſions, is unbounded, is in this confin'd to ſuch narrow limits, as quite diſtracts me. Don't fancy that the violence of my paſſion is the motive of my refuſal; for I ſwear by your inchanting perſon, (to me the deare ſtand moſt ſacred treaſure) that was it in my power to reſtore you, without the leaſt return, what you have loſt, you ſhould be inſtantly gratified.

The genius utter'd theſe words with ſo melting a tone of voice, that the princeſs cou'd not doubt the truth of his proteſtations. As he ſpoke, he had inſenſibly drawn Neadarné's head nearer his mouth; ſhe felt the melting tears bedew it; and theſe teſtimonies

Jon-

Jonquille gave of the ſincerity of his love thrilling her very ſoul, ſhe ſigh'd, and her reſolutions grew weaker. Oh Jonquilel! Jonquille! ſays ſhe to him, tho' I were to believe all you ſay, tho' I ſhould be perſuaded that the tears you ſhed are unfeign'd, ſtill what wou'd this avail either of us? Why do you ſo ſtrongly perſiſt in endeavouring to move a heart, which is entirely devoted to another, that in ſpite of the melting pity you inſpire it with, ſtill this is not able to baniſh from it, a ſingle moment, its firſt unſullied paſſion? I, nevertheleſs, believe it will be no crime to own, that had not my heart been preingag'd, it poſſibly might have been mov'd with your ſighs: this confeſſion, however, ſhall not draw on another; and tho' my virtue is expoſed to much danger in this lonely place, yet my conduct ſhall be ſuch, as never to raiſe a guilty bluſh. Neadarné, when ſhe ſpake in this manner, had probably forgot her adventure at the opera; or elſe imagin'd, that provided a woman can but prevail with herſef to deny the laſt favour all the preliminaries to it are venial.

Well

Well, madam, reſum'd the genius, let us wave this diſcourſe: tho my love is to go unrewarded, I ſtill will continue as aſſiduouſly as ever, to prove to you the ſincerity of it. Poſſibly the fates may be ſo indulgent, as to revoke the decree which you conſider as ſo dreadful. I dare not preſume to flatter myſelf ſo far; however, will do whatever lies in my power. I ſhall not, at leaſt, be the ſubject of your tears. Another genius, as powerful as myſelf, who ſhares in my functions, will doubtleſs be appointed to ſucceed me in what concerns the charming Neadarné. Oh Jonquille! cry'd the princeſs, you ſpeak not of impoſſibilities: A cure can never be wrought upon me by any but yourſelf.

Had Jonquille been merely a polite prince, muſt he not have been indiſpenſably oblig'd to thank the lovely charmer who had addreſs'd theſe kind expreſſions to him; and indeed, Neadarne, who had let dropt theſe words, without imagining they would be attended with the leaſt conſequences, was prodigiouſly aſtoniſh'd, when Jonquille claſping her

her tenderly in his arms, (now bolder in proportion than he had before been ſubmiſſive,) was going to indulge his fondeſt wiſhes. This ſituation perplex'd the princeſs ſo much more, as her ſoul, at that very inſtant, was mov'd to a prodigious decree, both with Jonquille's fondneſs, and the generoſity he had ſhewn her. Nothing is ſo dangerous to tender-hearted women, as the melting condition in which Neadarné was at this juncture. The wretch, who, in this propitious moment, has the courage to urge his flame, extorts ſometimes as much from their pity, as their lover obtains from their tenderneſs. The triumph on this occaſion is not ſo grateful; but then it amounts to very near the ſame. Beſides, who knows but what they then call pity, may not be love? In a ſtate of ſo much tumult, are they able to tell what it is that influences them? A coquet, indeed, would never be expoſed to ſuch a tryal, for her ſoul is not capable of ſo ſoft an impreſſion: none but women truly valuable are ſuſceptible of it.

Nea-

Neadarné, whoſe ſoul was of this caſt, did not know what more to anſwer Jonquille. Irreſolution prevailed for ſome time; but at laſt, virtue return'd to her aſſiſtance, that all attempts to incline her to his wiſhes would be vain. How troubleſome is a woman of virtue! but one who meerly affects that character is much more ſo. The ſituation Jonquille was in at this time, really merited compaſſion: Neadarné, now offended at him, to prove it, gaz'd at the rockets which were beginning to play in the sky. He did not dare to approach her any more, Cucumber, who, unſeen by Neadarné watched every thing that was doing, drew near to the genius; and after chiding him for his impertinent fear, make uſe, ſays ſhe, of the aid I will now give thee: fill up the meaſure of my vengance, and compleat thy joys: obſerve carefully what I am going to do.

Aſſuming, the inſtant ſhe had ſpoke, the figure of a large ſpider, ſhe crept under the princeſs's robe: Neadarné no ſooner felt her, but ſhe ſet up a dreadful ſcream. Oh, ſir! ſays ſhe

to

to Jonquille, I am dying. Oh! ſuccour me; deliver me, cries ſhe, almoſt fainting.——Jonquille, perſuaded that it would be very ridiculous for him to let ſlip this opportunity, ſought for the frightful inſect where it would naturally hide itſelf. 'Twas impoſſible for him to make this ſearch, without getting a ſight of beauties ſtill more perfect than thoſe his imagination had fram'd; beauties, which would quite fade away in deſcription, tho' Cupid himſelf were the painter. The delight this ſight gave Jonquille, plung'd him into a ſweet diſtraction which might have been fatal, had his flame burnt with leſs violence. This ſhort ſuſpenſion was not felt by the princeſs, who, ſtill in a ſwoon, left him all the time Cucumber wanted, to compleat Tanzai's misfortune. And now Neadarne's inchantment was half broke, when ſhe reviv'd: but the dread ſhe had of the ſpider, was feint in compariſon of that which ſeized her, when ſhe ſaw Jonquille in her arms. He was not prepared for ſo ſudden a recovery, ſo that ſhe eaſily diſengaged herſelf from him. Here Neadarné

was

was doubly unfortunate; for had the ſcene laſted one inſtant longer, her diſinchantment would have been compleated without injuring her virtue: but ſhe was too unskill'd in theſe matters, to continue ſpontaneouſly in the ſwoon ſo long as was requiſite. Falſe wretch! ſays ſhe to Jonquille, is this the effect of the exceſſive modeſty and reſerve thou boaſted'ſt ſo much to me? The genius was in ſuch prodigious confuſion, that he had not the power either to beg Neadaané's pardon, or to ſtop her when ſhe was running out of the thicket. He was no leſs dilatory in reſolving, whether it would be proper for him to allow her time to reflect on what had paſs'd, or to purſue her: but at laſt he reſolved upon the latter. The fire-works were ſtill playing; and by the light they univerſally diffus'd, ſpy'd Neadarné at a little diſtance from the thicket, leaning penſively againſt a ſtatue, and in the attitude of one who is fix'd in mournful reflections. He was fallen proſtrate at her feet before ſhe perceiv'd him, when embracing 'em in the moſt fearful and ſuppli-

ſuppliant maner, divine princeſs! ſays he, behold the offender! your anger is juſt, and I merit the moſt dreadful effects of your indignation! leave me! I neither ought, nor will I, ever behold or liſten to thee more! I am, repeated he, but too guilty. I might indeed tell you, that no man, in my ſituation, could poſſibly have been otherwiſe; but I am but too ſenſible that my juſtification would be to no purpoſe, and that 'tis high time for me to rid you of an object that ſhocks ſo much your ſight. I go:——But, condeſend ſo far as ſometimes to bewail the ſad fate of the moſt tender lover that ever liv'd; of a man, who, had his flame raged with leſs violence, would not have given you ſo much offence. ——— Jonquille, the moment he had utter'd theſe words, vaniſh'd from her ſight.

Neadarné, ſtill enflam'd with rage, did not attempt to ſtop him, but continu'd leaning againſt the ſtatue. She imagin'd, that her hatred would never ceaſe; but finding, half an hour after, that the genius did not reappear, ſhe began

ban to be very uneaſy, ſhe reflected on the motives of her journey, and tho' ſhe exclaim'd againſt the nature of the remedy, ſhe yet was but too ſenſible how neceſſary it would be to her. My prince! ſays ſhe, my dear husband, ſole object of my utmoſt fondneſs! you no doubt are ſo unjuſt, as to imagine that, plung'd at this very inſtant, in the moſt rapturous delights, falſe to thee and to our loves, if, claſp'd in the arms of another, I recall thy idea to my memory, 'tis only to heighten the triumph of the man who now enjoys me. Thou poſſibly art forming a reſolution to hate me eternally, at a time when thy dear, dear ſelf is the only cauſe of my diſtreſs! Oh too lovely Tanzai! receive my ſighs: Alas! I yet have vented none but what were directed to thee. ——— But Jonquille, ſays ſhe, recollecting herſelf, Jonquille is not yet return'd. Quite a ſtranger to theſe abodes, what will become of me! He indeed is criminal, but is his guilt of ſo black a dye? And conſidering the opportunity I gave him, could he poſſibly reſtrain himſelf? 'Tis my fear

I ought

I ought to accuſe; a fear ſo extream, that, ſpite of the confuſion it ſo lately involv'd me in, the firſt ſpider would perhaps throw me in the like. Oh Jonquille, return if you ſtill loved me, would not my bare deſiring your preſence bring you hither on the ſwifteſt wings? return, I forgive all that's paſt. Theſe eager worlds were no ſooner ſpoke but the genius revealed himſelf. Neadarné, the inſtant ſhe ſaw him, diſcover'd her ſurprize by a ſhriek. ——— Jonquille again begg'd her pardon for paſt tranſactions, and ſhe, like a great lady, ſoon indulged it him; when both ſhaping their way towards the palace, Jonquille did not dare all the way once to look at her, and ſhe did not condeſcend to bleſs him with one ſingle glance.

Many people have blam'd Neadarné more than Jonquille, on this occaſion. According to theſe, the fair-one herſelf gave a ſanction to the genius's rudeneſs, by her expoſing him to ſuch a temptation as it was impoſſible for man to reſiſt. This may demand more than one reflection; and before we abſolutely con-

condemn Neadarné, the whole adventure ought first to be judged by some beauty, who having an inveterate aversion to spiders, would be so ingenuous as to declare whether she herself, in the like circumstances, would have catch'd the ugly insect; or whether, were a lover (who had suffered by her rigours) lying by her side, she would not have begg'd him to seize it.

CHAP. XV.

Which prepares to mighty Things.

BY the modeſty of Neadarné, and Jonquille's fearfulneſs, both were made to act a very fooliſh part: 'twas the more ſilly, as they muſt neceſſarily lay it aſide, and as all ceremonies are ridiculous, when of no uſe: for if the reader will ſuffer me to make one plain reflection, ſhe either wou'd, or would not be diſinchanted. In caſe ſhe were ſatisfied with her metamorphoſis, or at leaſt would ſubmit to it with patience, to what purpoſe did ſhe viſit Jonquille? and ſince ſhe had ſought that prince, why did ſhe not terminate matters with him? But decency, it will be objected, obliged her to make ſome ſtruggles; and then, this Jonquille, whom ſhe is ordered to addreſs about ſo uncommon a caſe, was one ſhe had never ſet eyes on; had ſhe but ſome little acquaintance with him

it

it would have been tolerable. Beſides, he wants to win her inclinations; 'tis her heart he attacks, and he would fix a thing that is for ever in motion: a woman can't ſave herſelf at leſs expence; and tho' ſhe ſhould have half a mind to ſurrender, ought ſhe to do it at the firſt onſet? We may venture to aſſert, that this laſt thought did not a little employ the mind of Neadarne; and this we could eaſily account for, were it not already done in another part of this book.

Jonquille, who was not very much miſtaken in his conjectures with regard to the impulſes which actuated the princeſs, quite tir'd with her long reſiſtance, and not doubting but that ſhe would arm herſelf with ſeverity, in proportion to the warmth he ſhould ſhew, reſolv'd ro appear leſs paſſionate. And to wait till neceſſity ſhould inſpire Neadarné with ſuch a reſolution, as might ſuit with his deſires. It coſt him no little ſtruggles before he could prevail with himſelf to aſſume an air of indifference. The new charms which the princeſs involuntarily revealed to

him in the thicket, had inflam'd his wiſhes; but the more they rag'd, the more he thought himſelf oblig'd to diſſemble on this occaſion, to give him the better opportunity of ſatiating them. He knew the heart of woman; and was certain, that by ſhocking Neadarné's vanity, he ſhould oblige her to go greater lengths than ſhe herſelf intended.

Upon this maxim, as he conducted her back to the palace, he affected to make his excuſes with an air of ſtiffneſs, which that lover does not aſſume who endeavours to juſtify himſelf to his miſtreſs; and vow'd (in ſo ironical a tone) to have an eternal veneration for Neadarné, that ſhe began to think Jonquille had probably found ſome reaſon to make him ſo reſerv'd. This reflection chagrin'd her ſo, that ſhe was very cold in her anſwers to the genius, and ſtill more ſo, when he did not complain of it: upon which Jonquille without ſeeming to take notice of this reſolved to go away now ſhe was returned to her apartment; and accordingly left it with an air of ſo much indifference, that ſhe, for once, gave

looſe

looſe to indignation. She was ſurrounded with the prince's courtiers; but theſe could not afford her the leaſt diverſion. Altho' the genius's late rude attempt had exaſperated her to a great degree, ſhe yet had been in no manner of doubt but that his paſſion was increas'd: ſhe called to mind his tranſports before the affair of the ſpider; and then, the compariſon of theſe, with his inſulting coldneſs, filled her with inexpreſſible tortures: Heavens! ſays ſhe to her ſelf, to be deſpis'd to ſuch a degree! to ſee ſo many deſires die away, after an opportunity that ought naturally to have given them freſh vigour! What then can be the cauſe of ſo ſudden an indifference? But, after all, why ſhould I be offended at his diſdain? Is it not very happy for me that I no longer pleaſe him? doubtleſs this only will give me an opportunity of not offending Tanzai. Ah Whisker! Whisker! how greatly you was miſtaken in imagining that my viſit to the genius would expoſe me to ſo much danger; and of how little advantage will your ſecret be now to me!

She was ſtill fix'd in thought when Jonquille return'd to the apartment. Other reflection had ſince occur'd to his mind. He conſider'd that he had ſufficiently humbled the princeſs; and that ſhou'd he ſuffer her indifference to increaſe, it at laſt might riſe to averſion. Tho' he were not ſure ſhe loved him, he knew certainly that he was not the object of her hatred. 'Twould be proper for him to cheriſh theſe favourable diſpoſitions; and he had not yet inſinuated himſelf far enough into her affections, for him to carry on this ſimulative and artful behaviour without endangering the ſucceſs of his paſſion. None but happy lovers may, with any ſafety, put on diſdainful airs: and beſides, he began to be ſure of his conqueſt; at leaſt, he might be as bold as he pleaſed in his attempts. Jonquille was not inſenſible that, after the ſcenes which had paſſed between them, Neadarné would no longer make ſo much reſiſtance; that the liberties he had taken with her would ſmooth the way to greater; and that when once a woman has been prevailed upon to grant cer-

certain things, ſhe had no right to take offence when her lover preſſes again for them.

Jonquille therefore came up to the princeſs with a very affectionate air. She did not expect to ſee him ſo paſſionate; and notwithſtanding the virtuous ſcruples that ſtill labour'd in her boſom, ſhe yet was not diſpleaſed to find herſelf miſtaken in her conjectures. I don't, ſays he, make any apologies for my leaving you ſo abruptly; nor do I find that you reproach me for it. I imagin'd, ſays Neadarné, you had your reaſons for it. How eaſily, ſays he, madam, do you juſtify me. You wou'd not, ſays the princeſs, have me look upon you as guilty, when you are really otherwiſe? That wou'd be very unjuſt in me. I wou'd have you ſo, on this occaſion, ſays Jonquille; ſuch an injuſtice would prove the ſenſibility of your heart; and the more criminal you appeared to me, the more I ſhou'd be ſatisfied. I did not ſuppoſe, reply'd Neadarné, that you were deſirous of having me conſider you in a guilty light; and if, to ſatisfy you, you want only to be chid, my memory will furniſh

niſh too many ſubjects for it. Now we are upon that topic, replies Jonquille, I am very much out of my conjectures, or I ſurely made more apologies than were neceſſary. I cannot deny my being in the wrong, but 'twas impoſſible I could be otherwiſe; and, I am greatly miſtaken, or I ſhould have appeared much more guilty in your eyes, had I been leſs ſo. ——How many things, madam, ſhould I have loſt for ever! how many graces, how many charms, had I forever kept at an awful diſtance! No, ſays he, your beauties are not to be paralel'd. Ceaſe, ſays ſhe bluſhing, theſe encomiums; ſuffer me to forget, and do you yourſelf obliterate what I can never prevail with myſelf to pardon, ſo long as we both ſhall remember it. But are you really, continues Jonquille, as averſe to me as ever? How wretched will you make me, if I may not be allow'd to hope that your rigours will ceaſe! and, much happier had been my lot, if I am to be the eternal object of your hatred, had I not known the beauties you command me never

to

to mention! But it will be impoſſible for me to eraſe them from my mind; for ever thinking of the fond moment (which, had it not been for your rigours, would have been ſo bliſsful) by recollecting the pleaſures it gave me, I ſhall inceſſantly upbraid you for thoſe your cruelty made me loſe. ——Says Neadarné, ſmiling, if you do not amplify, what you really enjoy'd, and what was wanting to compleat your happineſs, you then will have nothing more to deſire. I don't amplify, princeſs, reply'd Jonquille with great warmth; and my imagination doubtleſs falls far ſhort of the felicity to which you are capable of raiſing me; conſent therefore, faireſt of the creation! to make me happy. ——That, I ſhall never conſent to, reply'd Neadarne. ——Let me, ſays he, proceed without your conſent. That would be much worſe, reply'd the princeſs: were this to be, you would be no ways obliged to me; whereas I, at leaſt, ſhou'd deſire that. ——But why do I perplex myſelf about this matter? 'Twill be much

better for you not to be in the leaſt oblig'd to me; and by that means you'll be leſs ungrateful.——— I an ingrate! ſay he; Ah madam! did you but know how much your kindneſs would improve my love, you would indulge it me entire.——— I have already told you, replied the fair-one, in a ſoft tone of voice, that I love another; what then would you have me give you? Whatever, reply'd Jonquille, the fates require you to indulge me, I would deſire you yourſelf to beſtow; and I would not be ſo far diſgrac'd as to be forc'd to thank them for a happineſs, for which I wou'd be oblig'd to dear Neadarné only.—— Well; we'll ſee, ſays the princeſs, (confus'd with this ſubject) but not a word more; I never will, nor ought to foreſee any conſequences.

Neadarné, having done ſpeaking, was going to take up a lute that lay in the fallon, reſolved to play an air, imagining ſhe had gain'd a mighty victory in ſilencing Jonquille. On the other ſide, the prince was preparing to liſten to the ſounds, highly ſatisfy'd that he had

had made her eaſy with regard to the power of her charms; and eſpecially, that he had been allowed to talk on the adventure of the thicket, without giving offence. Neadarne then touch'd the ſtrings, but ſo very tenderly, and accompained the breathing ſounds with ſo raviſhing a voice, that Jonquille was ready to melt. Cormorant was in ſuch an extaſy, that he could not forbear confeſſing, that the harmony of his ſackbut and dulcimer was vaſtly inferior to that of the lute, when touch'd with ſuch exceſſive delicacy, ſweetneſs and truth.

The ſupper interrupted theſe pleaſures, and furniſh'd thoſe of another kind. Neadarné, who now commanded as queen, would have Cormorant ſit at table with them; to which, the genius being deſirous to pleaſe her in all things, readily conſented. Cormorant having a great deal of wit, tho' of a peculiar caſt, was vaſtly entertaining. Neadarné, now beginning to be diverted with this kind of wit, and endeavouring to blot out the thoughts of her preſent condition, anſwered him very

very happily in the ſame way: when Jonquille beginning to talk in the ſame ſtrain, they employ'd ſuch prodigiouſly refin'd expreſſions, and ſuch very ſingular thoughts, that, before ſupper was half over, not one of them underſtood the reſt. Tho' the princeſs uſed her utmoſt endeavours to lengthen the rapaſt, it ended at laſt; and after a game at piquet, which Jonquille was ſo gracious to allow her, he led her to her apartment; when promiſing to wait upon her very ſoon, he left the princeſs in the hands of her female attendants, commanded them to be expeditious, and to put Neadarné in ſuch a condition, as might enable her to correſpond with his eager wiſhes.

CHAP.

*CHAP. XVI.

The Princeſs's Diſtraction.

NEadarné ſhudder'd on entering into this fatal chamber. It was no longer in her power to delay the danger; ſhe ſaw it near at hand; the genius was juſt upon his return; ſhe was ſenſible, to her ſorrow, that ſhe did not hate him, and was the more apprehenſive becauſe he baniſh'd from her mind the thoughts of Tanzai, whenever that prince appeared before her to the greateſt advantage. Whatever love ſhe had for her ſpouſe, ſhe could not help being ſenſible of Jonquille's charms, and his ſuperiority every way over the prince of Chechian.

Sometimes ſhe would think, ſhe ought to ſubmit quietly to her condition, ſince nothing could ſave her from it; but virtue getting again the upper hand, made her reject this opinion: however, ſhe would frequently give way to it with pleaſure. Suppoſe I do

do, ſaid the princeſs to herſelf, who could acquaint my husband with it? Will not Whisker's ſecret ſecure me from his ſuſpicions? But, tho' I ſhould be able to conceal my ſhame from him, can I be ignorant of it myſelf? And will not an eternal remorſe puniſh me for my crime? My crime! recollecting herſelf, did I ſeek to commit it? Is it not an oracle that ſends me hither? Expoſed a prey to the deſires of the genius, cannot I be delivered up to them, without ſharing in his tranſports? And if I ſhould ſhare in them, would it be my fault? Am I anſwerable for the dictates of nature? Is her ſenſibility owing to me?

If the ſoul ought to be independent of the ſenſations of the body, why were not their functions diſtinguiſhed? Why are the organs of the one the organs of the other? And why have the ſenſes of the one any influence on the other? Ah! undoubtedly, nature has no hand in theſe capricious ſubtleties, but we owe wholly to prejudice ſuch frivolous diſtinctions.

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If there were actually any reality in theſe diſtinctions, the ſenſations of the body, ſubmiſſive to our wills, and dependant upon them, would not get the better of us. Why is not that light, which enables us to diſtinguiſh good and evil, ſufficiently powerful to guide and direct us? Of what advantage to me is the diſcernment with which it endues me, if leaving me ſtill the liberty of chuſing, its impulſe is not ſufficient to determine my choice? And if this choice is in my power, why am I obliged to feel any remorſe for it? No, the gods are not ſo unjuſt, to puniſh us for a crime which they could have prevented. Since they are the authors of nature, undoubtedly they muſt know her power: they ſhou'd have infuſed into that divine ray, an internal power, againſt which all our efforts would have been vain.

Our duty then would have been confounded with our inclinations; this ſalutary tyrany would have rendered us more perfect, and more worthy of being their handywork. Were they afraid, that when we were enlighten'd

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we ſhould come too near to their perfection? Or were they willing to reſerve to themſelves the cruel pleaſure of calling us to an account for thoſe very faults, which they made inſeparable from our being?

But what do I ſay? wretch that I am! And whence proceeds my being ſo averſe to comply with Jonquille? If they had not ſupported me, wou'd he now have had any thing to deſire? The love I bear to Tanzai, as violent as it is, would not alone have cauſed me ſo much anxiety. Ah! the gods enlighten more than we imagine; if we were mindful of that ſecret voice that ſpeaks within us, if we did not even ſilence it, our inclinations would at once be determined, and we ſhould not feel ſo many ſtruggles within us, if this voice were not ſo powerful.

But, after all, what is this genius to me? And tho' I ſhould yield to his deſires, cannot I, wholly taken up with my ſpouſe, entertain my thoughts entirely with his paſſion? Alas! does not our minds wander? And, notwithſtanding

ſtanding my virtue, was not I very near being overcome? Did I ſee Jonquille? or did I think on my huſband? was I not even loſt myſelf? Who can anſwer for me that my mind will not wander again? I tore myſelf away indeed from the danger, but how great efforts did it coſt me? The diſorder of my mind, the pleaſure which got entire poſſeſſion of my ſenſes, theſe confus'd emotions, don't they all tell me what I have to fear? And whom do I ſtrive againſt there? The moſt amiable of the genius's! Ah! let me endeavour to baniſh the thoughts of him; let me ſhut my eyes againſt his merit: what would a pleaſure avail me, which would coſt me ſo many tears! And, what is it to that ſatisfaction without allay, that never leaves us, when we have done nothing wherewith to reproach ourſelves?

Whilſt Neadarné was making theſe reflections, or others not unlike them, her woman had undreſs'd her: ſhe had nothing on but a light gown, which they were going to take off with deſign to put her to bed when ſhe ordered her women to retire. They re-

repreſented to her reſpectfully, that it was neceſſary ſhe get into bed; ſhe anſwer'd, throwing herſelf upon a couch, that ſhe wou'd not; and ſhewed ſo much obſtinacy upon that head, that at laſt her women withdrew. They were hardly got out, before ſhe ran to ſhut all the chamber-doors.

She imagined herſelf very ſafe from Jonquille, and was returning back to her couch, when ſhe perceived, cloſe by her, the genius, againſt whom ſhe had taken ſo many precautions. She was the more terrify'd thereat, becauſe ſhe ſaw herſelf in a condition, wherein it would be very difficult to defend herſelf againſt him; and ſhe very much doubted, that if he ſhould uſe violence nobody would come to her aſſiſtance.

What! madam, ſaid he, (ſeeing ſhe was ſetting herſelf in order upon the couch) always precautious againſt me! And you, anſwered the princeſs, do you intend always to perſecute me? You give but a coarſe name, reſum'd he, to my intentions; you know that I deſire only to ſerve you, and you requite my zeal very ill. That zeal, reply'd

reply'd ſhe, is to me very ſuſpicious; and you have ſhewn me too much love, for me not to deteſt the ſource of it. I have no more to ſay to you, madam, replies Jonquille: I could indeed repeat to you, that even for your own intereſt, you ought to treat me with leſs rigour; but you conſult that ſo little, that undoubtedly you would not be ruled by me. Enjoy then the pleaſure you find in your ſeverity, and the charms of your condition; and let the happy Tanzai, in finding you again ſo faithful, hug himſelf on beholding you anew, and imitate your example, if ever his propitious deſtiny leads him again into the arms of Cucumber.

Here the princeſs grew very attentive, and knit her brows a little. I no longer mention my love to you, continu'd Jonquille; by a caprice which I cannot account for, the more affection I expreſs for you, the more averſion you ſhew to me. Would you have liked it better, if, exerting the priviledge of my employment, I had treated you like an ordinary woman? Why

Why no, ſaid the princeſs, more mildly. It is my reſpect then, purſu'd Jonquille, which has been prejudicial to me; and I ſhould have got the better of your haughty pride, if I had not ſhewn ſo much regard for it. I endeavour to render your condition leſs diſtaſteful to you: I think, that ſince you muſt yield at laſt, it would be better for you that you do it with leſs reluctance; and this procedure, without which, any other than you would doubtleſs be touch'd, is what offends you. Ah princeſs! added he, ſitting down upon the couch, I deſerv'd leſs Injuſtice, and more complaiſance.

Here Neadarne began to be in reſverie. I dare aver, reſum'd Jonquille, that if you could have been moved with any thing, you would have been affected with my love, and would not have oppoſed it with ſo cruel an ingratitude. Not, continued he, laying his hand ſoftly upon the princeſs's knee, not that I think I have deſerved any recompence of you, but you will grow weary of the condition to which Cucum-

Cucumber has reduced you: I ſhall not be permitted to ſee you agan, and the genius, of whom I made mention awhile ago, will have the advantage of rendering you that ſervice which you will have refuſed from me.

At theſe words, the princeſs looked upon him a conſiderable time, caſt down her eyes again, and ſigh'd mournfully; whilſt Jonquille advancing farther on the couch, and taking her by the hand, thus purſu'd his diſcourſe; if you hated me leſs, you would not, without horror, ſee yourſelf obliged to have recourſe to another, who, leſs ſenſible than me, will make you perhaps repent you have refuſed my aſſiſtance. I don't even wiſh to have this conſolation; I could not have it but at your expence, and I had rather be depriv'd of it for ever.

At this ſo tender diſcourſe, Neadarné ſqueez'd Jonquille's hand which had hold of hers, and the genius advancing by little and little, with the other, which he had at firſt laid upon the princeſs's knee, had treſpaſs'd ſo far, and ſo indiſcreetly, that ſhe would have been

been highly offended, if ſhe had not at that inſtant been buried in a moſt profound ſtudy. Ah princeſs! ſaid Jonquille, with a voice interrupted with ſighs, how tranſporting would it be to me to ſee you make a ſuitable return to my paſſion! my ſentiments are deſerving of ſo great a happineſs. But this ſo charming mouth, added he, preſſing her lips with ardour, and your eyes are equally ſpeechleſs. I ſhould be in the wrong, however, to importune you for an anſwer; it could not be ſo favourable to me as your ſilence.

The reader may have obſerv'd that in proportion as Jonquille ſpoke, he advanced upon Neadarné's couch, and that, ſo happily, and with ſo little regard, that at laſt he ſhared it with her, and had taken advantage of her abſence of thoughts, to attempt yet greater liberties. She recover'd at laſt from her reſverie, at his laſt incroachment; but the genius had concerted his meaſures ſo well, that whatever efforts Nea-

Neadarné uſed, they were of no ſervice to her.

She had ſcarce been make ſenſible that all her ſtruggling was in vain, before ſhe begg'd Jonquille in the moſt ſuppliant terms, not to puſh his attempts any farther; but the genius at that moment, as abſent in thought as ſhe had been herſelf before, made no other anſwer to her entreaties, but by more vigorrous efforts. Upon this ſhe began again to ſtrive; but ſhe found that the moſt rigid virtue may ſtruggle, but is not always ſure to overcome.

The obſtacles the genius oppoſed to her flight, and his raptures, at laſt, excited her fury. Barbarian! cry'd the princeſs, Ah tray————! Here the moſt grievous cries put a ſtop to her complaining; and by the pain ſhe ſuffer'd in being diſenchanted, it was her own fault, if ſhe did not judge of the force of the enchantment. The affront ſhe had ſuffered, and her reſiſtance, had overwhelmed her with pain and fatigue, and made her fall into a ſort of trance, which left her not

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ſtrength to make the genius feel the violence of her anger; and, at the ſame time, ſpared her the diſpleaſure of being a witneſs to his extaſies. Jonquille, the victorious Jonquille, far from offering to aſſiſt her, enjoy'd at leiſure the charms of his triumph.

This haughty beauty whom he ador'd, was at laſt become a prey to his deſires; he fix'd upon her his ardent looks; he almoſt ſmother'd her with careſſes; and asking pardon in the moſt paſſionate terms, he was going, no doubt, to repeat his inſults, when a deep ſigh inform'd him that Neadarné was beginning to recover her ſenſes. Hereupon he thought it would be more decent, that the princeſs, on opening her eyes, ſhou'd find him at her feet; and, accordingly, he proſtrated himſelf before her in admiration of her tranſcendent charms.

The diſorder into which he had put her, render'd her yet more lovely; the tears trickled down from her beauteous eyes, which were ſtill half ſhut; but, at laſt, ſhe open'd them. The condition wherein ſhe found herſelf, redoub-

edoubled her tears, and gave freſh rength to her indignation: ſhe ſtart- up in a fury, and running to the oors to get out, her deſpair increaſed, hen ſhe found it was not in her pow- r to fly from the genius, whom ſhe horr'd. Ah monſter! cry'd ſhe, onſter, not fit to live! dare you again ppear before my face! dare you detain e————!

In order to explain well the prin- ſs's anger, and relate here all that e ſaid to Jonquille, one muſt have een in the ſame ſituation; we leave therefore to our female readers, to ll up this place; and ſhall only add, at Neadarné, by her continual in- ctives and reproaches to the genius, ite exhauſted all her ſpirits. This as what Jonquille had foreſeen; herefore, with a hypocritical coun- nance, he waited patiently till ſhe d done.

Well, madam, ſaid he, when he ſaw e had done railing, will you always uniſh me for my zeal? And will you rpetually ſet yourſelf to prevent its ving any good effects? Is it decreed

that you ſhall never conſent to that diſenchantment which is ſo abſolutely neceſſary for you? Ah traytor! cry'd ſhe, would to heaven that I were ſtill in a condition to wiſh it! If that is all the reaſon you have to hate me, re-ſum'd he, you may honour me with more favourable thoughts. Whatever you may have imagin'd, whatever you may even have felt, you are in the ſame ſtate as you were in before, neither can you ever be extricated from perplexity, without a formal conſent on your part: but I did not tell you this at firſt, becauſe I would have been indebted to you alone for the pleaſure of ſeeing you voluntarily in my arms.

Perhaps you don't believe me; and being ſo much exaſperated againſt me as you are, you even reproach your-ſelf for giving ear to me; but it is very eaſy for you to ſatisfy yourſelf, that what I advance is not falſe: as for the reſt, I don't pretend to conſtrain you to any thing; you are at your own liberty to ſtay, or go; tho' I may thank you for the one, you ſhall not ſee me afflict myſelf for the other.

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Whilſt the genius ſaid thus, Neadarné, no matter how, perceived that in effect her diſenchantment was not real. She could not blame Whisker's ſceret for this, becauſe ſhe had not pronounced the three words of which it conſiſted; and ſhe fell into a new perplexity, when ſhe could no longer doubt of the neceſſity of allowing all to Jonquille, or of being unable ever to grant any thing to her ſpouſe. In ſhort, madam, reſum'd the genius, the night ſlips away, and you don't reſolve upon any thing.

She was juſt going to anſwer him, when a genius of Jonquille's court appear'd. My Lord, ſaid he, may it pleaſe your clemency to forgive me for coming to diſturb your repoſe; but two ladies, with whom the princeſs alone can vie for beauty, are juſt arriv'd in your iſle; they emplore your aſſiſtance ſo earneſtly, and their ailments require ſuch an immediate cure, that I thought it my duty to inform you of the pleaſures that wait your acceptance.

'Tis enough, Topaz, ſaid Jonquille, retire; and princeſs, added he to Neadarné, ſhall I haſten to theſe unfortunate beauties, or will you fix me here? 'Tis in your own power to decide which, and to ſecond the inclination which devotes me to your charms. Topaz, perhaps, will return immediately, ſaid Neadarné: Is that the only fear you are at preſent troubled with, replies Jonquille? She ſmiled. Jonquille, ſatisfied with this tacit conſent, took her in his arms, carried her to that very bed, where ſhe believed ſhe ſhould never have enter'd; but at that very inſtant, her virtue and ſcruples both baniſh'd from her thoughts, both gave place, with a ſigh, to the moſt extatic pleaſures.

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CHAP. XVII.

Which will teach Prudes that ſome Opportunities are very dangerous

IF it is highly flattering to a man's vanity, to triumph over a haughty beauty, it muſt likewiſe be own'd, that its coſts an infinite deal of pains and aſſiduities to arrive at that happineſs. One thing that is very ſurprizing, is, that ſince women know they muſt yield, they have not thought proper to retrench all uſeleſs ceremonies. There are indeed certain coxcombs in the world, who aver, they never met with any reſiſtance; but it is no leſs true, that they lye abominably. Theſe fellows will often brag of having obtain'd favours, where they have been uſed with the utmoſt contempt. Fortunately, for the woman, this is of no ill conſequence; and honeſt men don't find themſelves obliged to a jot the leſs

courtſhip. One day, perhaps, the fair ſex will think better, or worſe: I ſay, worſe; for Jonquille would have had leſs pleaſure, if Neadarné had been leſs untractable.

Digreſſions apart. He had prevailed ſo far (as all the world knows at preſent) as to enjoy her with her own conſent. Any other but the princeſs would not have revoked her word; but ſhe was endued with a virtue that had never done with its punctilio's; and Jonquille's fooliſh delicacies gave her room continually to invent new ſcruples. Whatever has been ſaid, that genius was not ſo artful in his way of addreſſing as he had been repreſented. Not to mention his aſking Neadarné leave to carry her to bed; ſuch a favour is, at leaſt, worth the aſking: nevertheleſs there are ſome occaſions, when it is better breeding, and the ſafeſt way to ſay nothing. Virtue is never more ceremonious, than when you give it time to be ſo; and it is not handſome to oblige a fair-one to refuſe thoſe liberties, ſhe would willingly ſuffer to be taken,

taken, if the lover once bethought himſelf of uſing that method.

Jonquille, tho' very amorous, begg'd the princeſs to permit him to approach her; and ſhe did not fail immediately to deſire he would deſiſt. He took pet at this unjuſt refuſal; but reflecting at laſt upon his over-ſight, he drew near her without any more ceremony; and by thus exerting his authority, put her to ſuch a ſtand, that ſhe durſt not ſay a word. He then ventur'd to call her by all thoſe endearing names that are in vogue among people who are perfectly well with one another; and if ſhe did not return them, at leaſt, ſhe was not angry with him for uſing them. Then, like a man who knew the value of every advance, he took her in his arms, clasp'd her therein with tranſports, and by careſſes tim'd very opportunely, gave her inſenſibly ſuch a lively taſte of pleaſure, that ſhe had no longer room for any other thought.

At laſt, the amorous Jonquille, rewarded for his delicacy, receiv'd as much pleaſure as he gave; and ſaw his princeſs, intoxicated with extaſy, abandon

herſelf freely to the pains he took for her diſenchantment, and give a looſe to love. He was ſtill afraid of a vexatious relapſe; and, in order to prevent it, rightly judged, he muſt not leave the princeſs time for reflection, but muſt avoid giving her any reſpite.

This ſtratagem had the deſired effect, and a whim of Neadarné's render'd the ſucceſs compleat: ſhe took it in her head to fancy Jonquille reſembled Tanzai; and wondering greatly within herſelf, that this likeneſs had not ſtruck her ſooner, ſhe gave way to her error, and through her love for the prince, left the ardour of the genius nothing to deſire. Charming diſcourſe, tender careſſes, ardent ſighs, voluptuous tranſports, reſignation of herſelf to his will, nothing was wanting to compleat his happineſs.

As great an enchanter as he was, he was obliged, after having laid his ſpell upon the princeſs for a conſiderable time, to give his charm a little repoſe. Neadarné, when ſhe came to herſelf, was fully ſenſible what ſhe had loſt, which filled her mind with melancholy thoughts: ſhe no longer troubled her head

head about her diſenchantment; ſhe then ſaw it was the will of heaven it ſhould be reſerv'd for Jonquille: it was a done thing; and ſhe was entirely reſign'd to it. She even ceaſed to reproach herſelf for her infidelity, and found as good reaſons to authorize it, as ſhe had before to refuſe compliance.

After all, had ſhe ceas'd adoring the prince? And was not her having fancy'd Jonquille like him, an effect of the moſt ardent paſſion? What diſturb'd her the moſt, was, her being uncertain of the efficacy of Whisker's ſecret: Cou'd ſhe ever have a better opportunity of trying it? reſolved abſolutely to know what ſhe had to truſt to, ſhe would have pronounced the myſterious words: unluckily ſhe forgot them; and Jonquille had put her thoughts into ſuch a confuſion, that ſhe imagin'd a long while, ſhe ſhould never recollect them. It was impracticable to get up and look for the paper where they were written. What would Jonquille have thought? he would not have fail'd ſeeing what it

was;

was; and if ſhe had abſolutely loſt it, which way could ſhe appear again before Tanzai?

Whilſt ſhe was in this perplexity, Jonquille, ready to renew the charm, came to preſs her again, and put her to a ſtand: fortunately for her, ſhe remember'd juſt then, that ſhe had laid her pockets under the bolſter: ſhe turned about ſlily, took the ſecret, and made uſe of it ſo a-propos, that Jonquille fancy'd her more enchanted than ever, complain'd of it, and thank'd her for her complaiſance. He did not fail aſcribing ſuch an uncommon event to Cucumber; and the more he ſuſpected her of having a mind to render the princeſs's misfortune eternal, the more he ſtrove officiouſly to remove it.

Neadarné, who (whatever the genius had ſaid of his ſenſibility) did not expect ſuch ſtrong repeated proofs of a moſt ardent affection, knew not what return to make: to complain of it, would ſhew too much ingratitude; to let him diſcover it any more, would be

be being too wanting in her duty to Tanzai. It was ſomewhat odd ſhe ſhould make this laſt reflection; but women are very ſcrupulous; and Neadarné, thinking ſhe had done enough for the prince, reproached herſelf with whatever ſhe allow'd more. She was going then to beg the genius to ſet ſome bounds to his generoſity, when a ſecond reflection (there is no end of making them, when once one has begun) determin'd her otherwiſe.

She had no longer any room to doubt of the efficacy of Whisker's ſecret; but that fairy had told her, it might be repeated as often as ſhe pleas'd; and if that ſhould not be true, and ſhe had made uſe of it too precipitately, in what a fury would Tanzai be? It was neceſſary therefore, to the end ſhe might no longer doubt of Whisker's ſincerity, ſhe ſhould hear what Jonquille would ſay upon that head. For this time, ſhe had all the reaſon in the world to be ſatisfy'd. The genius ſpoke advantageouſly of the new difficulties he met with; that for fear he ſhould

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pect the cauſe, ſhe congratulated him upon the miracle, and aſcrib'd it wholly to him: but, how much ſoever this flatter'd his vanity, he deny'd it with all the modeſty imaginable, and perſiſted in giving the honour to her alone. A conteſt, ſo civil, could not be ended preſently; and how obliging ſoever the princeſs was, Jonquille maintain'd his aſſertion ſo ſtiffly, and with ſo much eagerneſs, that ſhe was forced to take it all upon herſelf.

In the mean while the night ſlipp'd away; when Neadarné, who had ſufficiently try'd her ſecret, and had no longer any thing to deſire on her own account, imagin'd herſelf oblig'd to think on Cormorant, but knew not how to go about his deliverance. Jonquille did not ſeem to her in the humour to fall aſleep very quietly; and ſhe fancy'd it impoſſible to make uſe of the ſlipper as long as he was awake.

Sir, ſaid Neadarné, in four hours I muſt be gone; and I ſhould be glad to dedicate the reſt of the night to ſleep: I dare promiſe myſelf from your complai-

plaiſance. — The ſooner you muſt be gone, anſwer'd Jonquille, interrupting her, the leſs you ought to expect from me the complaiſance you deſire; I ſhould not deſerve the happineſs of poſſeſſing you, if I ſhould neglect it to ſuch a degree: I will ſhew you that I am worthy of it; if you would promiſe me, however, that I ſhall ſee you again ——— I, interrupted ſhe haſtily in her turn, ah! Sir, you don't hope it ſure! and I can't conceive how you dare make me ſuch a propoſal. I imagin'd, anſwered he, that without any failure in reſpect, I might offer it, and that we had been well enough together here, for you to look upon me at leaſt as an acquaintance. And it is directly for that very reaſon, reply'd Neadarné, that I ought to avoid you, Sir, of all people upon earth: the love I bear Tanzai, and my duty, will not even allow me ſo much as to think on you, Hitherto I am not criminal in the leaſt: the gods, in commanding me to come and ſeek you, have taken my fault upon themſelves: but I ſhould

ſhould deſerve both their anger, and my husband's diſdain, if I ſhould ever recal you to my remembrance with pleaſure.

When I ask'd you this permiſſion, princeſs, reſum'd Jonquille, it was becauſe I was willing to be indebted to you for all my happineſs: if you knew well my power, you would not doubt, but in ſpite of all your denials, I could viſit you whenever I had a mind to it, and even obtain from your tender affection all the favours you reſerve for Tanzai. Having it in my power to aſſume his form, it is in his ſhape you ſhall ſee me; and you ſhall never know whether it is to him or me you gave up your charms.

Oh! good gods! what puniſhment! cry'd the princeſs. She would, no doubt, have afflicted herſelf highly, if the genius, finding her in ſuch a melancholy diſpoſition, had not thought himſelf obliged to remove it. Neadarné, quite fatigu'd with his raptures, would willingly have avoided them; but as ſhe had been the victim of her love

love to Tanzai, ſhe was obliged to be ſo likewiſe to her regard for Whisker: it was neceſſary to entice the genius to ſleep, otherwiſe ſhe could not deliver Cormorant.

For the very ſame reaſon, ſhe made uſe again of her ſecret; an eaſy victory would have coſt Jonquille leſs pains; and it was neceſſary to bring the ſlipper in play. At laſt, the time for uſing it came. The genius, in ſpite of himſelf, and even whilſt he was ſaying the tendereſt things in the world to Neadarné, felt his eyes begin to cloſe. The princeſs immediately made him kiſs the ſlipper; and plung'd him into a moſt profound ſleep; after which getting haſtily out of bed, ſhe dreſs'd herſelf with the utmoſt expedition.

She was ſo intent upon it, that ſhe did not at firſt perceive that the cloaths, ſhe was putting on, were not the ſame ſhe brought with her into the iſland. The amorous genius, who was willing Neadarné ſhould carry away with her ſome marks of his magnificence, had let nothing be wanting to render thoſe,

Nea-

Neadarné was putting on againſt her will, infinitely rich, and worthy of the beauty who was to wear them. Her unwillingneſs to be dreſs'd in them, might proceed from more than one cauſe: ſhe could not, with thoſe cloaths, tell the prince, ſhe had been only in a dream; and ſhe could not imagine how to deceive him upon that head.

But, notwithſtanding the uneaſineſs theſe new cloaths gave her, ſhe could not refuſe Jonquille the eſteem his noble behaviour deſerved. She approach'd the bed where he lay ſleeping ſo ſoundly: ſhe view'd him a conſiderable time, and could not help being mov'd with his beauty; farewell! ſaid ſhe to him, with a ſigh, farewell, lovely genius! may thy days glide away in continual pleaſures! and may'ſt thou for ever forget the unfortunate Neadarné! may ſhe herſelf be able to forget thee! Nay, ſhe would have thought herſelf too happy, to have had it in her power to return thy paſſion; and thou would'ſt

would'ſt not have got the ſtart of her, had her heart and her hand been at her own diſpoſal. Farewell! ſhe cannot contribute in the leaſt to thy felicity: vouchſafe never to trouble her repoſe. Having thus ſaid, ſhe kiſs'd him ſoftly on the forehead, and tore herſelf from him with a reluctance, which ſhe was ſenſible was injurious to her virtue.

CHAP. XVIII.

In which the Reader will find a great many Particulars, he long before expected.

THE princeſs, arm'd with the ſlipper, paſs'd through all the apartments of the palace, unſeen by any one. The ſun was by this time riſen. As ſhe had no opportunity of acquainting Cormorant with her deſign, ſhe was afraid 'twould be long before ſhe could find him; and that, ſhould the genius awake in the mean time, he would fruſtrate all her meaſures. Happily, ſhe was not obliged to go far in ſearch of him. Cormorant being tortur'd with his misfortunes, ſo far from getting a wink of ſleep, was muſing penſively on the terras. Neadarné revealing herſelf to him, let us loſe no time, ſays ſhe; fly from your captivity; come to the arms of a fairy who

who adores you; and there ſecretly receive a recompence for all your ſufferings. Princeſs, cry'd Cormorant, is it poſſible for Whisker ſtill to beſtow a thought upon me! Never doubt it, prince, reply'd Neadarné; yes, her heart is ſo ſtrongly prepoſſeſs'd in your favour, that ſhe pines no leſs in abſence than you do. Does ſhe ſtill continue under the form of a mole? ſays he. How greatly, ſays he, did I fear that the barbarous Jouquille had her in his power! fly both of you, ſays ſhe, immediately from his rage: come and enjoy a more happy lot, and reſtore her to that delightful form which inſpir'd you with ſo fond a paſſion. But are you ſtill poſſeſs'd of the fairy's ſlipper? I am, reply'd Cormorant; but tho' I have had it theſe ten years I yet have not had an opportunity of once looking upon it: employ'd, either in whirling about, or in otherwiſe diverting the genius, I either have not had time, or did not dare to give it even a ſingle kiſs, leſt Jonquille ſhould diſcover the treaſure I poſſeſs, and ſo again rob me

of

of it. Do you know the virtue of it? reply'd Neadarné. I do not, ſays Cormorant; pray inform me of it. 'Twill render the poſſeſſor of it, ſays ſhe, inviſible. Alas! ſays he, why did I not know this before; what numberleſs evils ſhould I thereby have eſcap'd! perhaps, ſays ſhe, it might have been of no uſe to you; the gods, no doubt, decreed that you ſhould pine away ten years in miſery; and if ſo, all your endeavours to eſcape your lot, during that time, would have been fruitleſs. Bnt let us end this ſubject; ſtill dread Jonquille's anger; for ſhould he awake, you are undone. Take therefore your ſlipper and follow me. I am then, ſays Cormorant, obliged to the genius for my freedom? No, no, replies the princeſs, I in vain conjur'd him to ſet you at liberty. By the way, ſays he, has a cure been wrought upon you? Not a word of that ſays, ſhe; be ſure you don't let drop one indiſcreet expreſſion in the place whither I am going to carry you; and farther aſſert reſolutely, in caſe it be neceſſary, that I

was but a moment or two with the genius, and that in your preſence; otherwiſe you ruin me. I will one day inform you of the reaſons which make it abſolutely neceſſary for you either to keep a profound ſilence on that head, or to corroborate all I ſhall ſay. Ceaſe all your fears, princeſs, ſays he; I ſwear to you an inviolable fidelity.

Immediately he drew the ſlipper out of his pocket, and following the princeſs, both paſs'd through the guards unperceived. They came to the harbour, without meeting with a ſingle obſtacle; then going on board one of Jonquille's ſmall ſhips, they ſail'd from the Iſland; but Neadarné could not forbear gazing often at (and with ſome little concern) that part of the palace in which ſhe had left the genius. Let no one cenſure her for this; ſhe had ſo eminently diſplay'd her virtue, that ſhe might juſtly indulge herſelf in ſo ſmall a ſatisfaction; and the leaſt Neadarné could do, in return for Jonquille's favours, was to leave him with ſome regret.

regret. 'Twas not that ſhe lov'd him, but ſhe could not, with Juſtice, accuſe him for any of the ſcenes which had paſs'd between them, and was obliged to conſider him as her deliverer. All ideas of this kind faded from her memory the inſtant ſhe came on ſhore. She found her attendants in the place where ſhe had commanded them to wait; when Cormorant and Neadarné getting together into her ſedan, they travelled towards the Blue City, her mind being wholly employ'd on the prodigious pleaſure ſhe ſhould taſte on meeting again with her dear Tanzai.

She was no longer in pain about Whisker's ſecret; the tryal ſhe had made of it with Jonquille would no longer ſuffer her to doubt but that the prince might be deceived in it. Neadarné, even before ſhe left the genius's palace, had repeated the neceſſary words three or four times, but how great ſoever her confidence might be, ſhe yet felt ſome little emotion when ſhe again ſaw the Blue City. The neceſſity ſhe was under of impoſing upon Tanzai,

the fear leſt (how cautious ſoever ſhe might be in her expreſſions) that he either would diſcover the whole truth of the adventure, or that Jonquille might be ſo indiſcreet as to blab it: theſe circumſtances added to her ſhame, wak'd unnumber'd pangs in her boſom, and leſſen'd the pleaſure ſhe expected to enjoy in meeting again with her husband.

Neadarné had juſt reaſon to fear Tanzai's preſence. That prince, notwithſtanding Whisker's great wit, and the conſolation ſhe gave him, had like to have dy'd with vexation. Could I myſelf, ſays he to the fairy, conſent to let her go and viſit Jonquille? To compleat my calamities, nothing was wanting but for me to bring diſhonour upon myſelf, and at the ſame time to be ſtrongly ſenſible of it. What will the faithleſs creature ſay to me at her return? Alas! ſhe, perpaps, is this very moment entwin'd in the arms of the genius, and there obliterates the remembrance of my fond love and my deſpair.—— Forget you, ſays Whisker, I am ſure

ſhe

ſhe never can, and I wou'd lay my life, that if, from a fatality which to me is incomprehenſible, ſhe ſhould have yielded to the importunities of Jonquille, ſtill her virtue was uninjured. ——— Her thoughts, reply'd Tanzai, in an ironical tone of voice, were doubtleſs employ'd on her virtue, and 'tis in every woman's power to have it preſent to her imagination, in the inſtant you hint at. Should this be found true, reply'd Whisker, what then can you lay to the princeſs's charge? And ſuppoſe, (to change the ſcene) ſhe ſhould return to the Iſland under as hideous a form, as uſeleſs to you as when ſhe left it, with what eye would you behold her? —— I can ſay nothing as to that, reply'd Tanzai; but is this a proper time for ſuch arguments? You harangue upon the paſſions with a moſt tedious exactneſs, and provided you have but an opportunity to tattle, you don't value how much time you conſume that way. —— I cannot bear, replies Whisker, your injuſtice, and wiſh you would be leſs fan-

fantaſtical. Once again, rely on the favour which Barbacela has ever indulged you. If the bare thoughts, reply'd Tanzai, of her protection and yours are ſufficient to cálm all my fears, I may as well keep them to myſelf; and if I may judge of the kindneſs ſhe has for me, from a certain ſituation I once was in, I can never flatter myſelf, that ſhe'll be of any ſervice to the princeſs. But why did not you, if your power be ſo great, prevent her viſiting Jonquille? You are very ſenſible, ſays the mole, that we in vain endeavoured to oppoſe the ſupreme decree of the fates. Very well, ſays he; and ſhould theſe ordain, that Neadarné muſt never return ſuch as I pant to find her, but by the aſſiſtance of Jonquille, what methods will you uſe to prevent the effect of this? As you are ſo fond of arguments, I here put one to you, and deſire you to anſwer it. That I can eaſily enough, replies Whisker: As fairies, ſays he, are the offspring of the fates, things which are impoſſible to mortals are eaſily

effected by us; tho' the laſt mentioned powers cannot revoke their decrees when we deſire it, they yet may ſoften the rigours of them; and leaving to us (in ſubordination to themſelves) the government of the univerſe, they permit us to extend our clemency to ſuch objects as we think proper to favour. I preſume, you don't in the leaſt queſtion my friendſhip; and you ought to remember, that before Neadarne ſet out upon her journey, I aſſur'd you, that in caſe Jonquille did not treat her with generoſity, he then ſhould be deluded with a phantom whom I would raiſe up under her form. Says Tanzai, if you have power to effect this in my favour, why did not you do it in your own? Why did you not ſubſtitute a ſhade inſtead of your darling Cormorant, and ſo put an end to his long penitence? ——— Jonquille, ſays ſhe, would have diſcovered the fraud: Cormorant was ordain'd to be ſo many years at his devotion, and he employ'd it to ſo great a variety of uſes during his captivity, that it would have been impoſ-

impoſſible for me, continues Whisker, to impoſe upon Jonquille on that occaſion. You will find, replies Tanzai, that the uſe he is to make of the princeſs, renders him more liable to be impos'd upon. 'Tis certain, ſays he, the fates, your progenitors, form very ridiculous and unaccountable decrees, and the expedients by which you would obviate them are very ſingular.——— Says Whisker, you don't merit conſolation, nor are worthy of Neadarne's exceſſive paſſion. Tho' it ſhould be impoſſible for her to ſhun Jonquille, would it become you to reproach her with it? And when you yourſelf was to paſs one night with Cucumber, you were leſs ſcrupulous than Neadarne would be on ſuch an occaſion. You ridiculouſly imagin'd, that the brighteſt object of the creation put forth her longing arms to embrace you; you madly reſign'd your whole perſon to a ſcreech-owl; and, were the princeſs to know how far you were faithleſs, I cannot ſay, whether ſhe would not take ſome little pleaſure, ſpite of her ſtrict

virtue, in puniſhing you for your ſuſpicions. —— In the name of Cormorant! dear Whisker, ſays Tanzai, never ſpeak to her about the deteſtable iſland of Gnats. Neadarne was but too well reveng'd; and in caſe (which I no ways doubt) you know the reſt of that ſtory, you ought to do me jnſtice; and muſt be very ſenſible, that I exerted myſelf, more for the ſake of enjoying again ſo delicious a creature, than for that of my recovery. Says the fairy, 'twill be a pleaſure to me to obſerve an inviolable fidelity with regard to your ſecret; but then, I conjure you to be eaſy and unruffled, and not to be ſo injurious with reſpect to me, as always to doubt my power; for 'tis much greater than you imagine. The prince promis'd to gratify her in every requeſt; but ſtill his diſquietudes were ſo violent that 'twas impoſſible for him to calm them a ſingle moment, whilſt the fairy, wearied out with his complaints, was forced to throw him into a deep ſleep three or four times a day; on which occaſions, his mind would have been per-

perplex'd with very unpleaſing viſions, had not Whisker, purely out of friendſhip for Neadarné, called up thoſe of the moſt agreeable kind.

CHAP. XIX.

More neceſſary than agreeable.

TAnzai was ſcarce recover'd from one of the enchanting illuſions which the fairy had imag'd to his fancy, but he ſaw the princeſs arrive He had a moment before perceiv'd her in ſlumbers, rejecting all Jonquille's fond addreſſes, and obſtinately refuſing a cure; whilſt the genius, touch'd with her uncommon virtue, effected it without claiming the leaſt reward. This viſion had inclin'd him to give Neadarne a moſt tender reception; but when he perceiv'd her adorned with the gifts of Jonquille, and conducted by Cormorant, he imagin'd that ſhe had been obliged to have

been complaiſant more than once, in order to redeem the latter prince from his captivity : Again, had ſhe preſerved her virtue ſo very ſtrictly, Jonquille would indeed have eſteemed her, but not have granted her ſo much. This rous'd all his jealouſy in an inſtant ; he look'd at her with an air of gloom, and anſwer'd, with great haughtineſs, the many compliments of Whisker's lover.

The fairy had no ſooner got a glimpſe of Cormorant, but her metamorphoſis ceas'd ; when ſhe appeared to the eyes of Tanzai and Neadarne, a tall thin woman, with a finical, coquettiſh air. Her dreſs was very gay and becoming. The inſtant of her transformation, ſhe ſprung into Cormorant's arms. On her left cheek was a whisker after the Chineſe faſhion, which was the firſt thing Cormorant kiſs'd. In Tanzai's opinion, the whisker gave a ridiculous air to the fairy's face.

Being very much out of humour, he examin'd Cormorant critically. Whisker

ker had repreſented him in ſuch charming colours, Tanzai expected to have ſeen a miracle in beauty, but was not diſpleaſed when he ſaw this ſo much boaſted prince, no other than a diminutive creature but three foot in ſtature, of a lank ungraceful form; he ſeem'd to have nothing pleaſing, but an inſipid effeminate air, which denoted the caſt of his mind, and the pleaſure he muſt neceſſarily give to women of the fairy's complexion. Tanzai, at any other time, would have been more diverted; but being ſo highly exaſperated at Neadarne, it drew off his attention from what would otherwiſe have afforded him the greateſt mirth.

The princeſs trembled as ſhe advanced towards Tanzai; and, whilſt the other fond pair (till now, long divided) breath'd all the melting expreſſions which a paſſion (that hath been croſs'd for years, and, at laſt, is ſatisfied) can poſſibly inſpire, Tanzai, with anger-darting eyes, and fixed in ſullen ſilence, rejected the embraces of Neadarne. Whence this cruelty? ſays ſhe to Tan-

zai. Deareſt prince, why this cold return to all my fondneſs? Surely I have not deſerved this uſage! Go, madam, ſays he, with an air of the utmoſt haughtineſs; go back to Jonquille, and forget that there was ever ſuch a man as Tanzai. 'Twas not I, ſays Neadarne, that ſought for him; you alone forced me to undertake that journey, and I do not ſee why then ——— Prince, ſays Whisker, (who was come up to them upon hearing their quarrel) you are unjuſt in every reſpect; and were you but ſenſible how much you ought to bluſh for the jealouſy you entertain, you would not betray it in this manner. Liſten to me, ſay ſhe, (taking him aſide;) you may remember what I promiſed with regard to Cucumber; now, be aſſur'd, I'll forfeit my word the inſtant you break yours. More than this, I'll demonſtrate the princeſs's innocence to you; but, to puniſh your ill-grounded ſuſpicious, I'll bereave you of her for ever; the tranſactions which paſed in that iſland give you pain, but it will be very eaſy to

to convince you, by the teſtimony of Cormorant, who did not leave Neadarne a moment, that her paſſion is infinitely more delicate than yours, and that ſhe rejected all the fond importunities of the lovely, powerful Jonquille. But do you require ſtill ſtronger proofs, and ſuch as may at once confound you immediately? Do but remember the condition in which Neadarne once was, and only compare it with the change that has been ſince wrought. Obliterate, in the moſt melting careſſes, that gloomy jealouſy which the princeſs will perhaps never forgive, ſhould you harbour it any longer; and reflect, tho' you may not find her ſuch, in every reſpect, as your ſuſpicions would wiſh, that you, of all men, ought leaſt to reproach Neadarne for her conduct. Go then, and expiate at her feet the crime you are guilty of, in treating her ſo injuriouſly; and, without trifling away time in queſtioning your faithful partner, incline her gently, and by inſenſible degrees, to give you the ſtrongeſt de-

monſtrations of her uncommon virtue and tenderneſs for you.

Tanzai, not knowing what anſwer to make the fairy, return'd to Neadarne with an air now as ſubmiſſive as it had before been haughty; and Whisker alſo left the apartment with Cormorant, whom ſhe wanted to diſcourſe upon a thouſand particulars. If, ſays Tanzai, I can give credit to Whisker, and ſhould be ſway'd by the fondneſs I have for you, my Neadarne has not betray'd me; but forgive my ſcruples, and my doubts concerning your fidelity; had I not harbour'd ſuch fears, I could not poſſibly love you, and I have been in circumſtances ſo cruel, with reſpect to my paſſion, and ſo dangerous with regard to your virtue, that my mind muſt neceſſarily have felt inexpreſſible tortures. The fatal oracle which commanded you to viſit Jonquille, the employment of that genius, your unparallell'd beauty, were not theſe conſiderations more than ſufficient to fill me with terror? On the other ſide, how exquiſite a delight ſhall I prove, ſhould the tenderneſs of my Nea-

Neadarne have made her triumph over all theſe obſtacles!——Says the princeſs, (with tears) every moment ſince I left you, the dear Tanzai has been the ſole object of my love. For ever preſent to my imagination Jonquille, ſpite of all his fondneſs, could not make the leaſt impreſſion on a heart which you poſſeſs entirely.——The genius, replied Tanzai, was doubtleſs very urgent, you ſeem'd allotted for him, he doubtleſs was enchanted with your beauty, you was at his devotion!——Have you forgot, ſays Neadarne, the horrid tranſformation which was wrought in my perſon the night before our ſeparation, and can you fancy, that being thus chang'd, I could inſpire him with fond wiſhes? Says Tanzai, 'twas his buſineſs to remove the odious diſguiſe which he himſelf only had made you wear; and I can ſcarce purſuade myſelf, that he was leſs ſcrupulous with regard to you than the reſt of the women of this city, who were in the ſame condition. He yet, replies the princeſs, did not conſider me in the

ſame

ſame light with them; and without knowing to whom I gave the return of my charms (ſince you are pleaſed to think I have ſome) I ſoon appeared in the ſame form to him, as I now am revealed to you.——Says the curious Tanzai, you needed not to implore his aid on that occaſion, but in what condition are you return'd? Do you ſtill bear the marks of Cucumber's vengeance? Has the genius been of as little ſervice to you on this article, as on the other? Says the princeſs, caſting her eyes on the ground, as I myſelf did not perceive my firſt metamorphoſis, I cannot determine whether ſomething may not be ſtill wanting to both our wiſhes.——You, at leaſt, continues Tanzai, know whether Jonquille was affected with your ſorrows; and I ſhall take it as a prodigious favour, if you will inform me what was his holy will, (the words of the oracle) with regard to you.——Jonquille, anſwered Neadarne, began by applauding extravagantly the few charms I might poſ-

poſſeſs; he obliged me to acquaint him with the motives of my journey; he pitied my misfortune more than it really deſerv'd; and, at laſt, aſſured me, there was no other way for me to diſſolve the enchantment, than by abandoning myſelf to his deſires. ——And what follow'd? ſays the prince, reddening. ——What follow'd! ſays ſhe; loving you ſo tenderly as I do, how can you ask me ſuch a queſtion? ——Pray now, ſays Tanzai, what anſwer did you make him? Such a one, reply'd the princeſs, as my paſſion for you muſt naturally ſuggeſt. ——— But was he, continu'd Tanzai, diſcourag'd by the repulſes he met with in this firſt overture; and did not he endeavour to ſoften your rigour? You certainly was worthy of the utmoſt pains he could take; and I am ſure, had I been in his place, I ſhould not have been inſenſible to ſuch a beauty as that of yours.

Tanzai,

Tanzai, ſays the princeſs, notwithſtanding the few perfections I boaſt, he was not ſo ſoon repuls'd. Tho' he had not met with the reception he expected, he yet flatter'd himſelf, that his repeated aſſiduities would at laſt prevail over my reſiſtance. In order to this, he addreſs'd me in the moſt tender expreſſions; and more ambitious (as he proteſted) to win my affections, than to enjoy the pleaſures which kinder beauties indulge him unask'd, he uſed his utmoſt endeavours to perſuade me, that I had made the ſtrongeſt impreſſions on his heart. The ſplendid feſtivites he made on my account, prov'd the violence of his paſſion. Enjoying a more deſpotic ſway in Jonquille's Iſland than himſelf did; all his ſubjects, in imitation of their maſter, fell proſtrate before me: Whisker's lover, who pin'd away in the moſt cruel captivity, ſaw his chains fall off, and an end put to his torments; in a word, I procur'd him the liberty he ſo much panted

panted after. ——————Says Tanzai, interrupting her, but did not the genius require ſome little recompence for all theſe mighty favours? Being ſubject to his ſupreme power, did he not endeavour to exerciſe it over the triumphant Neadarne? To conclude; in what manner was the cure effected? The genius, reply'd ſhe, was, at laſt, as much tired with my refuſal, as I am now with your queſtions; loving me better than you do, and infinitely leſs unjuſt, he reſpected my tears. I am not able to tell you, who was the object of his tranſports; nor can I ſay in what condition I left the Iſland. Now I am return'd, you ſubject me to a moſt injurious examination; quite loſt to memory, and to gratitude, you have forgot that 'twas yourſelf only who ſent me to Jonquille, and with reluctance I obey'd you. Well, fill up the meaſure of your injuſtice; diſſolve the ties which have hitherto bound us; and, ſince you will force me to hate you——— Deareſt creature, ſays

ſays Tanzai, throwing himſelf at her feet, I own my guilt; but ſave me from your hatred, ſhield me from a calamity which would be moſt ſhocking: Yes, I will believe, that, for ever tender, and faithful to our vows, you did not yield to the wild tranſports of Jonquille. But then, what did the oracle mean? and if you are ſuch as my paſſion wiſhes you to be, by what means did I eſcape my ſeemingly unavoidable diſgrace? I have already told you, reply'd Neadarne, that I cannot directly affirm, whether we have ſtill cauſe to dread Cucumber's malice; however, I have ſome reaſons to believe, that 'twill be impoſſible for it once to ruffle our hours. Jonquille, wounded with my reſiſtance, after employing all the ſeducing arts which love is capable of inſpiring, at laſt left me to myſelf. I then was led to an apartment, all the doors of which I myſelf faſten'd; there, ſitting on a ſofa, I bemoan'd the wretchedneſs of my ſituation; I begun to muſe deeply

deeply on my misfortune, when ſlumbers ſeal'd my eyes; and after a dream moſt fatal to my virtue, and my love, a dream! which even in my waking moments fills me with ſhame and horror; methoughts, I ſaw ſo conſiderable a transformation—— Barbarous ape! cries Tanzai; my diſgrace is then compleated; this fatal viſion proves but too evidently that my fears were juſt. —— —— I cannot conceive, reply'd the princeſs, with an angry air, why you fly into ſuch tranſports, and what it is I can have injured you in. There has hitherto been ſo great a ſimilitude in our adventures, that I could not ſuppoſe you would be ſurprized to hear mine conclude with a dream. As a like puniſhment has been inflicted on us, why ſhould not the ſame remedy be apply'd to both. —— Alas! added Tanzai, would to the cruel gods, who ſtill perſecute me, that I had no reaſon to exclaim againſt the horrid remedy, the remembrance of which coſts you ſo little pangs. —— If it be ſo, continu'd Nea-

Neadarne, e'en give a looſe to your rage; as you do all that lies in your power to find me guilty, I conſent to be ſo. Make a reality of my viſion, forget that I ever reproach'd you with him, who repreſented Cucumber to you, ſo worthy of your fond wiſhes: forget, that 'twas in my power to deliver up myſelf to Jonquille, without being criminal; but ſuffer me alſo to fly you——for ever; and ſince you don't conſider me as worthy of your eſteem, never ſpeak to me more of your love. The princeſs ſpoke theſe words with ſo abſolute a tone of voice, and her eyes ſparkled with ſo much anger, that Tanzai, overpower'd by exceſs of tenderneſs, ceas'd his reproaches; and recollecting the experiment which Whisker had adviſ'd, he endeavour'd to ſoften Neadarne; when, embracing her with tranſport, he prevailed ſo far, that ſpite of her rage, ſhe was not able to refuſe him any thing. Cruel creature! ſays ſhe, in a melting voice, I am no longer dear to you.——Tanzai, wholly employ'd

ploy'd in ſatiating his curioſity and his love, anſwer'd her no otherwiſe, than by redoubling his eager careſſes: and Neadarne, now being overcome by her paſſion, no longer oppos'd an expedient which ſecur'd for ever her future glory and happineſs.

CHAP.

* CHAP. XX.

In what manner the moſt crafty are deceiv'd. Arrival of Barbacela: *Return to* Chechian. *Conteſt, with regard to the* Skimmer, *terminated amicably. Concluſion of the Hiſtory.*

INchantments, it muſt be confeſs'd, are ſometimes of wonderful uſe; for 'tis notorious, that the princeſs had not diſengaged herſelf from Jonquille on ſuch eaſy terms as a dream; and 'tis equally certain, Tanzai, being totally in the dark with reſpect to Whisker's ſecret, had been forced to own that his ſuſpicions were entirely groundleſs.

Neadarne indeed, whom it nearly concern'd to calm Tanzai's jealous fears, had, before ſhe left the Iſland, muttered thrice over to herſelf the myſterious words; ſhe had repeated them all the way ſhe went from the Iſland to the Blue City; and the reader will believe, that in her preſent cir-

cuirmſtances, ſhe ſuppoſed it might not be improper to mutter them again. This enchantment which ſhe had ſo often repeated, not ſurmiſing it would be attended with a certain conſequence, had diſguiſed her ſo much, that ſhe had like to have again ſtood in need of the genius's aid. Tanzai, quite tired with all theſe obſtacles, uſed his utmoſt efforts to ſurmount them, but all in vain, for neither his paſſion, nor his courage, were of any uſe to him on this occaſion. My Neadarne, ſays he, in higheſt raptures of love and pleaſure, how great is my calamity! but how conſpicuous is your virtue!

My prince, ſays ſhe, in the moſt tender voice, will you be for ever repining? Had you rather I ſhould have put it out of your power to make any ſuch complaints? ——— Oh! ſays Tanzai, (who was inſenſible to every thing but his paſſion) why did you not indulge ſome few particulars to Jonquille? What ſhall we do? Alas! after this dream, you reproach'd me with, I, at leaſt, was not obliged to undertake a ſecond journey. And muſt you, my faireſt, abſolutely go again?

again? But inform me, I conjure you, of the particulars of the viſion which wanton'd in your fancy, when you were in Jonquille's court?——Let me rather, ſays Neadarne, blot the minuteſt circumſtances of it from my memory. Tho' you now are perfectly convinc'd, that my fidelity to you was real, ſtill your paſſion is ſo very delicate, that 'twill be impoſſible for you to hear, without emotion, the particulars of ſo diſagreeable a ſcene; and my love for you is ſo violent, that it muſt, at the ſame time, neceſſarily give me the utmoſt pain; forget therefore the fatal iſland, and be ſo good-natur'd, as never to mention it more to me; after this, be no longer anxious about my cure. Whisker has now revived her former prerogatives, ſhe doubtleſs will oppoſe all Cucumber's attempts; and we may be aſſur'd, that Barbacela will aid us with all her power. Let us therefore, ſays ſhe, go again to the fairy, and no longer endeavour to diſenchant me, for 'twill be all to no purpoſe.

Tanzai, being unaccountably obſtinate, would not comply at firſt; but ſoon

ſoon finding that what Neadarne aſſur'd him was true, he went with her in ſearch of Whisker and Cormorant. 'Twou'd be very difficult to diſcribe the fond expreſſions by which he pour'd out his ſoul to the princeſs on this occaſion. Let the reader image to himſelf a man diſtractedly in love, and at the ſame time extreamly jealous, who, after having been juſtly tortured with the moſt cruel fears, is at laſt convinced, in all reſpects, that he has compleatly eſcaped the impending danger.

They ſoon found Whisker; who leaning indolently on her witty Cormorant, was coming out of the garden. The fairy quickly perceived, by the air of ſatisfaction which appeared in Tanzai's countenance, that his mind was now perfectly at eaſe with regard to Neadarne's fidelity: and whilſt the two princes were employed in complimenting one another, Whisker taking Neadarne aſide, tell me ſay ſhe, how came you off with Tanzai: As well, replyed the princeſs, as I could have wiſh'd; ſo well, that my husband would think it a crime to harbour the leaſt ſuſpicion with regard to my virtue. ——But ſtill, my dear Whisker, I can never

never enjoy peace after what has paſs'd between the genius and me, and ſhall ever reproach myſelf for the artifice by which I deluded Tanzai. I conceive, reply'd the fairy, that the circumſtances you mention muſt neceſſarily torture a woman of your virtue and ſincerity, but both were unavoidable; and therefore be in no farther pain about them. Alas! ſay ſhe, Whisker, how will it be poſſible for me to baniſh them from my thoughts? Jonquille declar'd, that he would aſſume my husband's form, whenever he wanted to extort any favours from me, and the fear leſt he ſhould execute his menaces has made ſo dreadful an impreſſion on me, that I juſt now doubted very much, whether himſelf or Tanzai were examining me: Muſt I ever be haunted with theſe fears?——Says the fairy, taking it for granted, that Jonquille ſhould employ this ſtratagem to correſpond with you, how would this injure your virtue? Beſides, it would amount, at moſt, to a bare ſuſpicion.—Alas! ſays Neadarne, would not that be more than enough? In the name of the gods, rid me of this fear!—'Tis not in my power, reply'd Whisker; for the genius, who is juſt

juſt awak'd from the lethargy into which you had thrown him, exaſperated at your flight, is, this inſtant, forming a reſolution to love you eternally; and would be inconſolable for your abſence, were he not certain, that 'tis in his power to enjoy you again. However, continued Whisker, conceal very induſtriouſly from the prince, the alarms which Jonquille raiſes in your imagination. You know he is extreamly jealous, that ſhould he have the leaſt notion of your fears, he would watch you perpetually, and by that means, make life a burthen to you. But, by the way, you muſt have a ſtrong averſion to Jonquille, ſince the bare thought of meeting again with him, gives you ſo much uneaſineſs; and yet he was not ſo odious to you laſt night.——I was forced, ſays Neadarne, to ſubmit to the rigour of fate; but ſtill, my heart, for ever faithful to Tanzai, was every moment reflecting on the dear man.——Says Whisker, many things might be ſaid on that ſubject; however, ſhould we talk longer together, poſſibly your husband would be fir'd with new ſuſpicions, and

beſides, I long to be again with my Cormorant.

After ſaying theſe words, they went up to the two princes, who having already contracted the greateſt intimacy, were diſcourſing on the harmony of the ſackbut. Both were returning towards the palace where they reſided; when a light car, drawn by butterflies, deſcended from the moſt unclouded part of the ſkies and ſtopped juſt before them.

By the ſplendor of the vehicle, they diſcover'd the beneficent Barbacela. Tanzai ran to her with the utmoſt tranſports, as he imagin'd that all his woes were at an end, now he was come into her preſence. This fairy received Whiſker and Cormorant with a tender embrace, and congratulated them both on this reunion, which they had ſo long panted after. As for you, Tanzai, ſays ſhe to that prince, your ſufferings have been very great ſince my abſence; nor has the lovely Neadarné been exempt from troubles. The fates, after having been exaſperated at your diſobedience, are now, at my earneſt entreaties, entirely reconcil'd to you. 'Tis with the greateſt pleaſure, I ſee you ſtill poſſeſs'd of the

enchanted Skimmer; and if Saugrenutio will but ſubmit to what is requir'd from him, you then will be ſecur'd from the malicious attempts of Cucumber, and all your days will be ſhining and proſperous.

I am afraid, ſays Tanzai, 'twill not be in your power to prevail with him. He ſhews an invincible obſtinacy with regard to the affair of the Skimmer; you yourſelf are ſenſible, that the government us'd its utmoſt endeavours to make him ſwallow it; and ſtill he continu'd inflexible. Says Barbacela, I have at laſt hit upon an expedient which will force him to a compliance.—But, come into my car; we ſhall be convey'd as ſwift as thought to Chechianea, and there you'll all enjoy the moſt profound tranquillity. The four lovers obey'd the fairy; when the car ſeconding their impatience, wafted them inſtantly to the capital of Chechianea.

Words can never expreſs the joy which Cephaes felt, when he again beheld the fond pair. After embracing them in the moſt affectionate manner, and asking them a thouſand queſtions, the fairy ſent for Saugrenutio. The face of affairs was quite chang'd ſince the princeſs's abſence. The patriarch was dead, and the high-

prieſt aſpir'd ſecretly to his dignity; but the beſtowing it depended entirely on the king. Saugrenutio ſaw little hopes of ſucceeding to it, unleſs he ſhould comply with the affair of the Skimmer: Being inſatiably ambitious, he was not ſo much terrify'd at that inſtant, when ſo exalted an employment was to be beſtow'd with it. Tho' he before had been ſo obſtinate, he yet would not have ſcrupled to lick it, had it been of a common ſize; but now he conſider'd, that it would not only be infamous in him to retract, but likewiſe, that the forcing of it down would put him to extream pain, and quite tear away his mouth. Theſe were the only two obſtacles to his compliance.

The king, who had nothing ſo much at heart as the welfare of his ſon, conſented to raiſe Saugrenutio to the patriarchate, provided he would ſubmit to what was required from him. An able ſtateſman, who was deputed by Cephaes to be the high-prieſt, had already made him (but in an indirect manner) ſome overtures with regard to this affair, and Saugrenutio was treating upon it when the fairy came in. He conſider'd the

the meſſage which was ſent him, as a good omen. A report had long prevailed that he was belov'd of the fairy in queſtion; but whether this were true, or not, 'tis certain, ſhe ever preſerv'd that ſort of eſteem for him, which we always entertain for perſons with whom we have contracted a ſtrict intimacy. And indeed people were greatly ſurpriz'd, when they knew that this fairy had commanded him to lick the Skimmer, and therefore imputed this ill office to ſome ſecret affair which had exaſperated the fairy againſt him. Nevertheleſs, Saugrenutio was not diſpleaſed at Barbacela's arrival, and he obey'd the orders the moment he received them. Come hither, ſays Barbacela, I know the reaſons which prevent your compliance, and keep you from liſtening to what is for your real intereſt. I am able to remove the obſtacle which gives you ſo much pain. The ſize of the Skimmer terrifies you; but ſuppreſs all your fears, for I promiſe you, upon the word of a fairy, to remove all that appears ſo ſhocking to you on this occaſion, and have prevailed upon his majeſty to make you patriarch, provided you obey his commands. Are you

you ſatisfied with my propoſal? ſays Saugrenutio. I am; and ſince I muſt be forced to ſubmit, I will lick the Skimmer to-morrow morning before the nobility and prieſts. The prince hearing this, made him a very polite compliment, and the king immediately nominated him patriarch of great Chechianea. The publick in general, ſeemed greatly pleaſed upon this reconciliation. The prieſts only accus'd Saugrenutio with acting infamouſly, and had the higheſt contempt for a man, who, they declar'd, made religion venal, at the ſame time, that there was not one among them, but would have ſold it for a much leſs reward.

Tanzai, being impatient to ſee himſelf entirly poſſeſs'd of Neadarne, asked the high-prieſt, whether he could not lick the Skimmer that inſtant? Saugrenutio declared he would; but the fairy aſſuring him, that it was abſolutely neceſſary he ſhould perform the ceremony of it publickly, the prince was obliged to wait; and thereupon, by the fairy's advice, he paſs'd the night without the princeſs, who had Whisker for her companion during that time, as Cormorant had the prince. Neadarne told Whisker, that ſhe

ſhe believ'd ſhe had repeated the ſecret too often; upon which, the generous fairy ſet every thing to rights again, but how or in what manner, is not known.

At laſt, the long-wiſh'd-for day was come. The fairy, the king, and the four lovers, arriv'd early at the temple, where, Saugrenutio, cloath'd in the ſplendid veſtments of his new office, lick'd the Skimmer, with a ſupernatural grace, in preſence of the nobility and prieſts. He, nevertheleſs, was vex'd to the ſoul, when he conſider'd how much he had debaſed himſelf: however, to compenſate in ſome meaſure for what he had done, the firſt decree he made, was that no man ſhould, thence-forwards, be received as prieſt, without firſt licking the Skimmer.

The reader will naturally ſuppoſe, that this decree met with great oppoſition, and gave riſe to unnumber'd feuds and diſſentions in Chechianea.

This auguſt ceremony being ended, they all return'd to the palace. Barbacena, after promiſing the fond pair her conſtant protection; and aſſuring them, that they would be for ever out of the reach

reach of Cucumber's malice, return'd to Gewgaw Iſland.

Tanzai's felicity was now compleated. Loving to the utmoſt exceſs of paſſion, he quite forgot that Jonquille had ever awak'd his jealouſy, whilſt the tender Neadarne obliterated eternally, in the arms of her Tanzai, the remembrance of Cucumber, and, perhaps, of the genius. As for Whisker and Cormorant, after continuing ſome time in Chechianea, to ſhare the pleaſures and diverſions of Tanzai, they return'd to Barbacela, having firſt aſſured the amorous pair, that they would viſit them frequently.

And now, Cephaes, tir'd with the ſplendid burthen of royalty, reſigned the crown to his ſon; whoſe flame continuing as bright as ever, he endeavour'd to raiſe up to himſelf all the deſcendants poſſible. As for Neadarne, if ſhe was ſometimes viſited by Jonquille, ſhe took care not to blab it; and ſo great was their happineſs, that Cucumber himſelf became their friend. Here, for want of a more ample chronicle, I muſt be forced to conclude one of the moſt extraordinary hiſtories that perhaps the world ever ſaw.

FINIS.

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